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Comment Of The Day

40,000 PLUS!

HARDLY a year passes without some comment or criticism on the growth of the public service. This year's budget debate was no exception. Yet it is hard to cavil when Hong Kong is so obviously expanding in a way which demands a parallel growth. In Government, indeed, the Unofficials themselves made several requests which if effected will push the establishment higher. And it must be admitted that under today's conditions, a reduction is virtually impossible.

One Unofficial asked for a branch of the D.C. & I in Kowloon. An excellent request but it will be remarkable if it can be established without adding to Government's payroll. The New Territories are opening up, schools are increasing at a fantastic rate—for which Mr Crozier and the DPW deservedly earn congratulations—health services are expanding and an Unofficial has asked for more clinics. We are hoping the Public Works Department this year spends all the money allotted it. How then can we expect the public service not to grow?

Less Incentive

Surely none can accuse Government of extravagance in appointing staff, when its record for the last seven years shows a high degree of resourcefulness in... doubling revenue without any major changes in taxation to meet expenditure. Yet the Colony must realise that this phenomenal condition cannot continue indefinitely. Soon the limit will be reached and existing revenue raising measures will be inadequate to meet expenditure. The bulk of the public services will then be a more vulnerable target and it would be as well for Government to begin applying the brakes. Hard now when there is less incentive to economise.

The public service now stands at almost 40,500. Ten years ago there were less than 15,000. The estimated expenditure on salaries in 1958-59 was \$22.7 million, or 34.4 per cent of the total—not as much as in Britain, but surely this staggering growth suggests the need for a critical and careful examination of all staff demands in future. For if we cannot hope to reduce the service, we must be sure of containing its growth.

G.E.C.



Violent Climax Of Months Of Skirmishes "FORBIDDEN CITY" CLASH

Tibetan Tribesmen Fight Chinese Communists

New Delhi, March 20.

Tibetan tribesmen invaded the sacred Buddhist city of Lhasa today in a violent climax to months of skirmishes with ruling Communist Chinese troops, according to reports reaching here.

The hard-riding tribesmen, who enjoy wide popular support among the people, rode down from the mountains and clashed with the Chinese troops inside the city.

Lhasa is the site of the famous Potala Palace of the Dalai Lama, the religious and political heart of Tibet.

Fighting has been going on in and around Lhasa, for the last three days, informed sources here said tonight.

Consulate

Fighting has also been reported between Tibetans and Chinese near the Indian Consulate-General in Lhasa, an Indian External Affairs Ministry spokesman said tonight.

The Chinese officials were reported to be planning strong measures to quell the rebellion.

The hardy tribesmen have been tangling with the Chinese forces for the past several months in a series of hit-and-run partisan attacks. Lhasa is about 200 miles northeast of the Indian city of Darjeeling. It has a population of about 550,000 and sits at an altitude of 11,600 feet.

It is known as the "Forbidden City" because of its inaccessibility to foreigners and for centuries has been the seat of Tibetan kings, and a focal point of resistance to Chinese rule.

Disappointment

"For otherwise, he would no longer be representing India's feeling in this matter."

The Hindustan Times said, "There will be general disappointment at the manner in which Mr Nehru chose to deal with the trials of the Tibetan people during the foreign affairs debate in the House of the People (when he described British Press reports as grossly exaggerated and told it was a clash of wills rather than arms.)

"India has a moral obligation to see that the Chinese respect their promise to recognise Tibetan autonomy. There have been reports, not seriously challenged, of the settling of hundreds of thousands of Chinese colonists in eastern Tibet.

"This is not an action designed to preserve the special character of Tibet. Nor do the Chinese seem too keen to allow India's age-old interests in Tibet to be expressed in a more formal fashion," the paper said.—U.P.I. and Reuter.

The Communists have been trying to set up in Tibet an "autonomous region" within the sphere of the China Proper.

But they have met the utmost resistance to their aims by the rugged tribesmen who inhabit the bleak mountains surrounding the "Forbidden City."

After the Chinese "liberated" the country, a clandestine group began circulating pamphlets calling for united opposition to the Communists.

In the past two days, two leading Indian newspapers have criticised the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, for playing down the Tibetan situation.

The independent Hindustan Standard said, "Our Chinese friends should remember that, if alone the Indian public, even our Prime Minister does not believe in... the moral validity of the principle of non-interference to the point of accepting that Tibetans are entitled, to only such freedom as Peking may decree."

The general discussion on the problems of Germany and Berlin represented the essential subject-matter of the first Anglo-American talks between President Eisenhower and Macmillan, the official British spokesman said.

The talks began immediately after lunch, which was served to the two delegations at Azzen Lodge. The talks began when he described British Press reports as grossly exaggerated and told it was a clash of wills rather than arms.)

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The crowd yelled "Long live Eoka's women fighters" when they spotted women among the guerrillas.

After the Thanksgiving service the guerrillas drove to the arch-bishopric where the Edinburgh spoke to them for 15 minutes.

He said: "You showed that people prepared to give their lives for freedom are destined to live. Without your heroism and sacrifice, the day of freedom would still be very far off."

After the singing of the Greek National Anthem, the Archibishop shouted "Long live our heroic guerrillas" then shook hands with all the Eoka men and women.

In Athens, a Greek learned society, the Athens Academy, will present its gold medal to Lieutenant-General George Grivas, the former Eoka leader at a special ceremony here on March 24.—Reuter and China Mail Special.

Tokyo, March 20.

The Japan Red Cross this evening again asked its North Korean counterpart to send a representative or representative to Geneva for "heart to heart" talks on the question of voluntary return of Korean residents in Tibet to be expressed in a more formal fashion," the paper said.—U.P.I. and Reuter.

The gorilla developed while in the crib twice as fast as

newborn.

Columbus, Ohio, March 20.

A REPORT made public today by a group of American psychiatrists on their 26 months long study of the only gorilla born in captivity, corroborated earlier findings that the gorilla ranked third—behind man and the chimpanzee—in the scale of animal intelligence.

The gorilla developed while in the crib twice as fast as

newborn.

KING'S PRINCESS

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SHOWING TO-DAY

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WEEK-END MORNING AND MATINEE SHOWS

KING'S

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. "20TH CENTURY-FOX COLOR CARTOONS" At Reduced Prices

To-morrow at 12.15 p.m. "PARIS MODEL" At Regular Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "MICHELE STROGOFF" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. BRAND NEW WARNER BROTHERS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Starring: Michel Ray

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FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

IN recommending "Stage-Struck," showing at the Lee and Astor, I am the more confident because it contains all the elements that go to making good entertainment.

First it has a good script, the plot is "Morning Glory" which some film-goers will remember from the thirties, the film that placed Katherine Hepburn on the screen.

Second, it has a first rate cast, Henry Fonda; Susan Strasberg; Joan Greenwood; Herbert Marshall; and Christopher Plummer. Third, the direction by Sidney Lumet is both skilled and subtle, and the fourth reason is the magnificent photography and editing.

The story is as old as the stage. The call is the same that set young Will Shakespeare running London-wards: the stage, with its gaudy paraphernalia; its artificial glamour; its cheers and boos; its overnight miracles and tragedies. It is a wild call, a mad call, and there are some who cannot resist it.

Such a one is Susan Strasberg. If, for one, admire the performance she gives in this sensitive role. As the daughter of the director of the Actors' Studio, she has seen many of the kind she portrays in "Stage-Struck," arriving with eyes full of star dust.

Those who are familiar with the script of "Morning Glory" will recall the whole plot pivots on the stage-struck girl, who having been existing on short commons for weeks, is invited to the first night party of the production in which she failed to gain a part. Under the influence of Champagne, she mounts a staircase, and gives part of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Myself tried to span the score and more years since I heard Jo Hepburn do the scene, and my youthful self reckoned Hepburn did it better.

No matter, Susan Strasberg is going to be forced to be reckoned with. She is, first and foremost, an actress, and that is something that our stars of present cinema rarely are.

So, come to that, is Henry Fonda, another who made his way to films via small amateur companies. He used to act opposite Marion Brando's mother in the Omaha Playhouse days.

This film gives him a sympathetic role as the sensitive theatrical executive, who is not as tough as he wishes to be.

Herbert Marshall plays the part he is. A fine actor, Christopher Plummer, the playwright.

I mention these men because one way and another, they are used by the stage-struck Strasberg as stepping stones to suc-

cess. But the wonderful thing about the film is, it shows what theatrical people are really like.

Impulsive? Generous? to be fault? Yes and yes, but with whom all is "Not that I do not love you, but that I love the theatre better." I do not think there is need to say more. The film held me spellbound through its considerable length.

I must mention, however, John Greenwood as the Broadway star whose temperamental histrionics let Susan Strasberg right in.

Miss Greenwood from Chelsea, London, is yet one more of a beautifully balanced film.

Filmed in Technicolor, or vista proportions, it is a film I can see over and over again.

Discount from this that I really love the theatre and all that appears thereto, and it still a great film. Honestly!

Actually "Paris Models" is an actually made film. The sophisticated music score is just perfect.

The character parts, especially the provincial family are well cast.

The English subtitles are neat, continuous, small and clear.

I was most surprised to find that a film with a ploy-machine title should turn out so first rate.

In the programme is a now come made in old-time fashion.

The kind that fills every man with delight and has the women clucking impatiently. In fact, I'd say it is a 100 per cent male programme, so if the ladies object, go on your own.

I should sum up by saying it is a film that no intelligent film-goer can afford to miss, otherwise he is right out of the reckoning when intelligent films are discussed.

It is an intriguing film from the word go.

★

SO you want to know what "Paris Models" is like. (King's and Princess). I did, as it is an off the schedule film. I entered the stygian gloom of the King's Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, just as the show was about to begin.

Actually "Paris Models" is an actually made film. The sophisticated music score is just perfect.

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WHAT interested me most about "Michele Strogoff" (Roxy & Broadway) was to find the ubiquitous Curt Jurgens in the title role. In fact I wondered about it so much that I forgot about the film.

It is made in EastmanColor and CinemaScope. It is a French / Italian / Yugoslavian effort. It is dubbed in English, and is the third attempt to put this hoary old Jules Verne classic on the screen. "We say, third time lucky. I don't know."

You probably know the story, and on that account the film can be an interesting period piece, because it shows an age that is lost forever.

The story necessitates showing the gaudy apartments of the Czar, garish Tartar encampments; and, director Carmine Gallone, master of spectacle, can make no end again to switch on one of his vast vistas of military crowds and swarms of soldiers.

Back of it all, there is a straining for sentiment and novelette romance, with humour coming from the French war correspondents.

Curt Jurgens is top box office at the moment, and he takes over the role of Strogoff, so I should imagine he will pull them in that way. But this is not his best performance by any means.

Lee & Astor

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AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLIS

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



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STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLIS: At 11.00 a.m. LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents "HIGH SOCIETY" In CinemaScope & Color STARRING: Bing Crosby Grace Kelly

METROPOLIS: At 12.30 p.m. "THE CRUSADERS" STARRING: Rex Harrison Virginia Mayo

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLIS

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STAR: At 9.00 p.m. METROPOLIS: At 8.30 p.m.

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CHARLTON HESTON IN "THE CRUSADERS"

REX HARRISON IN "A STAR IS BORN"

GRACE KELLY IN "HIGH SOCIETY"

JOHN GREGSON IN "THE QUIET AMERICAN"

PEGGY CUMMINS IN "DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

DONALD SINDEN IN "THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE"

NADIA GRAY IN "STATE"

CHARLES BOYER IN "STATE"

JOAN VIDAL IN "STATE"

BRIGITTE Bardot IN "STATE"

JULIE ANDREWS IN "STATE"

ROBERT REDFORD IN "STATE"

JOHN GREGSON IN "STATE"

PEGGY CUMMINS IN "STATE"

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ROBERT REDFORD IN "STATE"

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Dream-World Colin Stars At Last 'Audition' Offer Lands Him In The Dock

London.
IN his fantasy dream world 19-year-old Colin Coe lived the parts of film star, pop singer, circus clown, policeman, and a fireman. But most of all, he was an impersonator.

By
LOUIS KIRBY

MOTHER KNEW SON WAS GOING TO DIE

London.
A MOTHER'S premonition told her that her son was to die.

She knelt by her bedside and prayed. As she prayed a policeman knocked at the door.

"Your son is dead," he told her. "Killed on the railways." Frank Hegarty, 32, shot with two other men, George Perry 29, and Stanley Fry, 35, father of four, when they were hit by the Liverpool Street to Ipswich electric express as it passed through Manor Park Station at 66 mph.

With five others the men were working on ladders across the centre of the track when the train rounded a bend and ran through them.

I PLEADED

Mrs Olive Hefferty, 50, said at her home in Church End, Luton, Bedfordshire: "I had known for five years that this would come."

"I pleaded with him to change his job. He just used to laugh."

"This morning he was an hour late coming home from his night shift. I knew what had happened. I got out of bed and prayed my fears would be proved wrong. I was still on my knees when the knock came at the door."

"I said to the policeman, 'Frank is dead—my boy has been killed.' I knew it would happen from the first day he took the job."

George Perry, of Meadow Road, Padiham, Ross, had decided to give up his job just before he went on duty. His brother Stanley said:

"George often laughed about the narrow squeaks they had at work. Now they used to jump clear of passing trains while working on the overhead cables."

The third victim, Stanley Fry, came from Stapleford Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex.

Just Fancy That

London.
IT was really nothing, but it was still more than Basil Sharp expected for having his number drawn in the state-run lottery.

A letter from the National Savings Movement informing Sharp he had won was accompanied by a signed blank cheque.

He returned the cheque—U. P. I.

Mental Influence On Dice

Stockholm.
A TREATISE called "Experimental confirmation of the psychokinetic effect" and dealing with the influence of mental power on inanimate objects in motion has earned a Swedish engineer, Mr. Harkon Forwald, a \$1,000 reward from Duke University, Durham, USA.

Mr. Forwald, head of the Swedish Asea Company's consulting department for high-tension circuits

That word was printed on his ornate visiting cards, though the only time he had stood in the limelight was at children's parties, where he appeared free.

But last week his Walter Mitty existence made him the central figure in an Old Bailey courtroom, where he was sentenced to Borstal training.

For another of his pretences was that he was a talent scout for a film. Its title: The Great Pretender.

IN VAIN

He called on the parents of 19-year-old Frank Golding, at Eltham, S. E., and said he could make their son a star.

On the way to the "studio" audition, where all the big stars will be, Coe had to say the whole thing had suddenly been called off. So he produced his impressive visiting card at a cinema in Lee Green, announced he was in the film then showing *Pickwick Papers*—and got free seats for himself and Frank.

By the time Frank got home his father had told the police about the "impresario." They visited the cinema, where an usherette was so convinced that Coe was in the film that Detective Inspector George Feature signed on for an hour watching *Pickwick Papers* and waiting in vain for her to pick him out.

STEALING

Then the manageress remembered Coe's visiting card, it listed his show-business activities and also gave his true address—a council house in Howard Road, Dartford, Kent.

There, detectives uncovered the dream life of Colin Coe. They found that once he had applied to join the police force and was turned down—but ever since he had walked about in dark trousers and policeman's blue shirt and black tie.

He also worshipped variety star Max Bygraves, and at Christmas telephoned local schools, arranging free personal appearances for Bygraves, pretending he was his agent. Then, saying the star was ill, he would turn up to sing in his place.

At the Old Bailey he pleaded guilty to lading Frank Golding by fraud with intent to deprive the parents of possession, and attempting the same offence with another boy.

He heard the court told of five previous convictions for false pretences, taking away a car, and stealing a policeman's tunic from a cloakroom.

And he heard Judge Maude say as he passed sentence: "You are a humbug."



Ian with the boys at his L.C.C. primary school.

H-Bomb "Lakes" For The Inland

Sydney.
SCIENTISTS in Australia are making an exploratory examination of a project which could change the economic future of this country.

Their startling idea is the use of "clean" H-bombs to gouge huge canals to hold up to a billion gallons of water.

Such H-bomb lakes, some believe, could contain the great floods in the Murray Basin, preventing them from ruining wide areas of country and then running wastefully to sea.

Other massive explosions in the so-called "dead heart" could perhaps conserve the floodwaters which sometimes fill dry river beds.

The water could be stored and pumped over long distances to where it is most needed.

The men making the preliminary examination before putting anything officially before the authorities believe that the terrible heat of the explosions would fuse the

ground, thereby forming immense waterproof tanks.

Problems which the scientists are grappling with are:

★ How to stifle the atomic "dynamite" with a blanket of absorbing chemicals and therefore stop the deadly clouds of radiation at their source.

★ How to control hundreds of thousands of tons of debris flung into the sky.

Because there are large unpopulated areas in the interior it is believed that the latter problem is a comparatively minor one.

Controlled

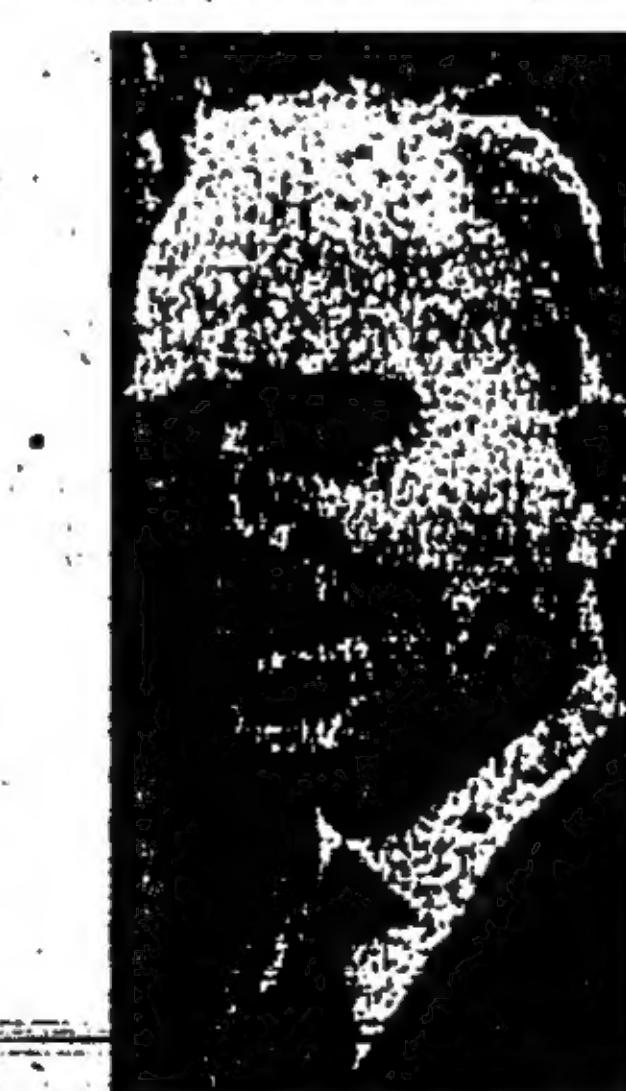
Some local authorities also believe that controlled underground H-bomb explosions could be used to melt out trapped oil below the surface.

The idea has been planted in scientific circles here to have America's decision to blast out millions of tons of rock to create a new harbour.

Site of the proposed H-bomb is the "Notchive Sound," Alaska.

When the earth and rock are gouged out and a channel is cut to the sea with "bulky" H-bombs it is proposed to spend another £40 million on the building of harbours installations.

If the plan works out scientists believe that there then



SIR WILLIAM COOK

will be a world-wide demand for atomic "dynamite."

Australian scientists said last week that Britain is fully alive to the pentime use of atomic blasts.

They said that this is one of the reasons why the British scientist, Sir William Cook, who was in charge of the recent atomic explosion on Christmas Island, has been transferred from Australia to London to develop an H-bomb force.

An accident? "No," said Robinson Crusoe—otherwise singer David Whitfield. "It was all because he couldn't take a joke."

"Yes," said Blackbeard—otherwise actor and singer Osborn Whitaker. "It's childish and ridiculous to think I did it on purpose."

The purchased incident—which left a quarter-inch cut on Whitfield's right thumb—came during the last show of the pantomime Robinson Crusoe at Birmingham Hippodrome.

For the Alaskan harbour

explosions it is planned to move local inhabitants about 15 miles from a village near the site.

Confident

But those in charge of the project are confident that they will be able to move them back to their village within two weeks.

The American scientists are certain that they can blast out a 300-foot deep basin and a channel to the ocean without causing any bad contamination.

Australian scientists interested in the plan believe that H-bomb "dynamite" can be used here to create water storage basins of a size comparable with the cost of Wagga Wagga Dam.

'Ere (he said) I've Come About That Film

London.
NINE-YEAR-OLD Ian McLennan kicked a stone across his school playground and said: "Me an actor? 'Aven't thought about it." But a film starring Ian, a boy at Stoke Newington, London, primary school, may represent Britain at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

If it doesn't it will have its world premiere in Moscow.

And all Ian could say about it recently was: "Wasn't had doing the film. Don't mind if I do another." His mind was really on the stone.

It all began in the middle of last year. Producer Kevin McClory had decided on his new film, *The Boy and the Bridge*. He had picked the bridge—Tower Bridge. Now he wanted the boy.

He interviewed 3,000. None fitted. Then Ian walked into Mr. McClory's Belgravia home. "Ere," he said, "I've come about that bridge film."

A seagull

"I know at once I had the boy I wanted," said Mr. McClory. "A natural actor."

Ian plays a boy who runs away from home and lives in a turret in Tower Bridge with a seagull as his companion. The 95-minute film is on a short list of three for Britain's entry at Cannes.

If it is not chosen 500 film actors and actresses and a host of London's society will be flown in a fleet of TU 104's to Moscow for the film's premiere.

Ian's mother, Mrs Irene McLennan, said at her Lordship Road, Stoke Newington, council home: "Wherever it is we all want to go there."

All includes Ian, his father, who upholsters seats for Comet airlines, brother Keith, 11, and sisters Jean, 12, and Janet, five. Keith, Jean, and Janet appear in the film, too.

Yo-ho-ho Upset The Pirate Chief

London.
BLACKBEARD, the bold, bad pirate leader, lunged with his gleaming sword and a lashed Robinson Crusoe's thumb.

An accident? "No," said Robinson Crusoe—otherwise singer David Whitfield. "It was all because he couldn't take a joke."

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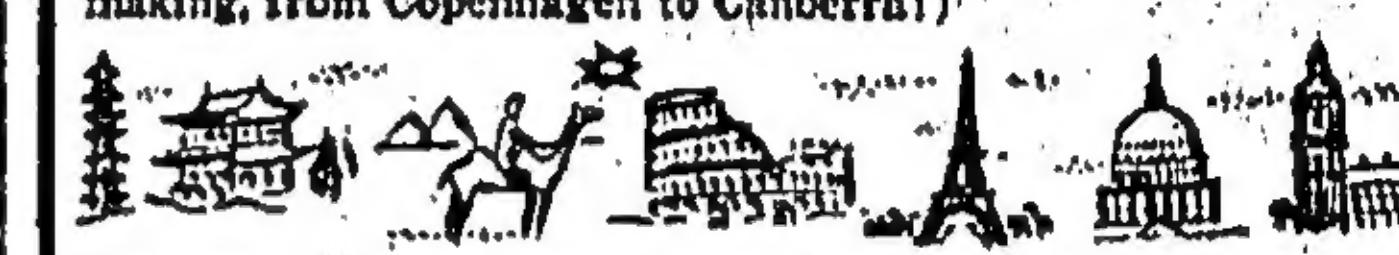
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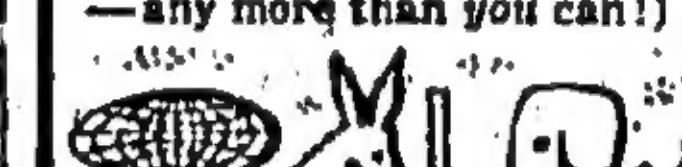
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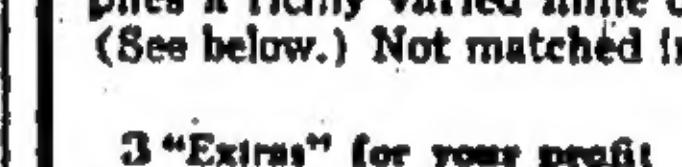
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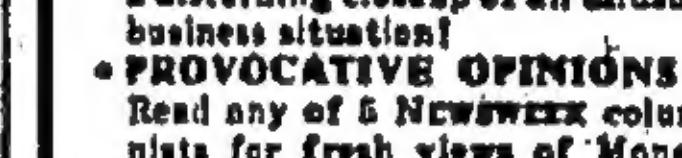
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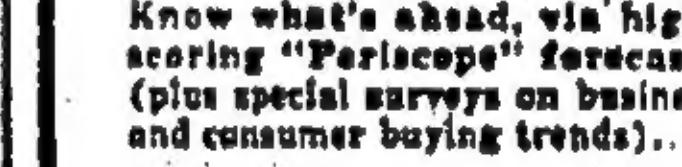
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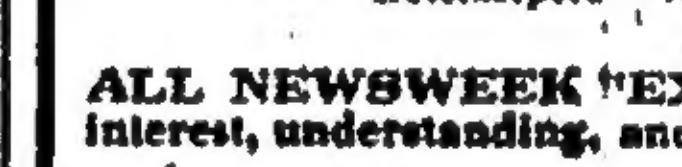
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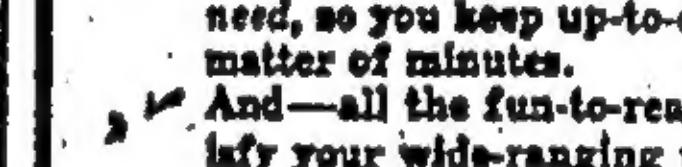
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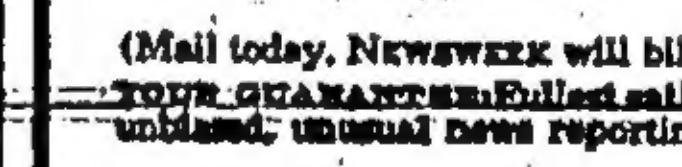
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: To the late top society and theatre photographer Baron, Davina Portman, fashion model and heiress, was "the most beautiful girl in Britain". Later she married London stock-broker Peter West, and officially they're still married. But recently international lawyer Dr Lorenzo Potta (above) claimed: "I intend to marry her before the summer. If a divorce is not possible in the English courts, I shall take her to Mexico, Spain, France, anywhere to get it... I have got divorces for clients all over the world. And I'll get one for Davina too." Inset: Mrs Davina (Portman) West.

★

RIGHT: Actor James Mason arrived in London recently to start making the film "A Touch of Larceny." Said Mason in one of his rare interviews: "I regard myself as a middle-aged actor on his way somewhere. Not to the top, exactly. I don't mean that. I have no set destination. I simply want to keep moving among interesting projects." Picture shows James Mason with his mother.



BELOW: The Pytchley Hunt hold a meet at Braunston, near Rugby. Photograph shows the Pytchley Hunt crossing the canal bridge at Braunston Locks, led by Whip Bortmaiden, with Huntsman Stanley Baker following.



ABOVE: After weeks of being seen together around London, 20-year-old film star Janette and "in her thirties" television comedian and singer Jackie Rae officially announced that they are engaged. On her engagement ring—one large diamond, surrounded by eight small ones.

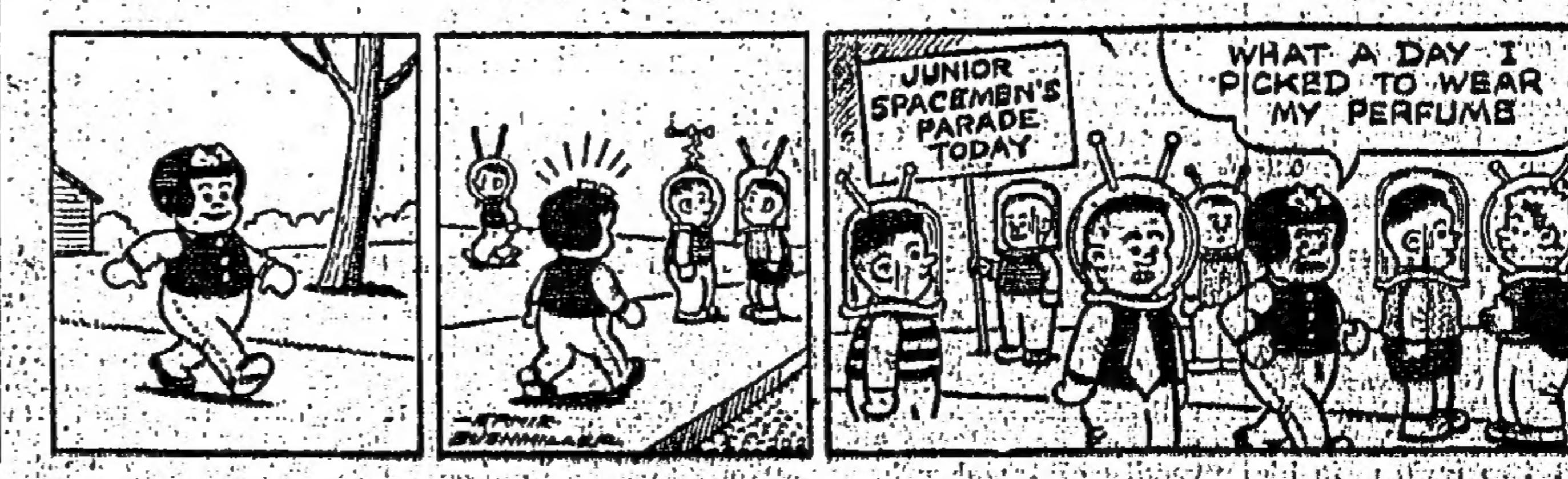
RIGHT: Princess Margaret finished a gay night out recently by leading a contingent of feminine invaders of the all-male privacy of the famous Travellers' Club, where the club committee were holding a ball in conjunction with the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund organisers. Her first partner was high-society piano-playing suitor of Princess Margrethe of Sweden, Robin Douglas-Hamilton.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Two stars crossed orbits recently in Glasgow when king trumpeter Louis Armstrong and queen singer Connie Francis found that their current British tours included simultaneous Glasgow visits. Oddly enough, until Scottish columnist Mamie Crichton introduced them, they'd never met. Now they have. Said sparkling Connie: "Hello Louis." Said scintillating Louis: "Hiya."



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S
DELICIOUS
SMARTIES
MILK CHOCOLATE BEANS

? DID IT HAPPEN... ?

TODAY'S COMPLETE STORY IN THE SERIES THAT KEEPS YOU GUESSING

The Seventh Paragraph

ONE feels that some sort of apology is necessary for telling, at this stage, what looks like an escape story, but I can assure you that it is not a PoW story in the accepted sense of the word; and it is certainly one of the oddest things that has ever happened to me.

I was captured by German parachute troops in the early days of the Tunisian campaign, when the front had not settled into its final, muddy, immobility. It was the result of driving over a minefield (probably one laid by our own side), bad map-reading and a measure of bad luck, and that is all that I shall say about that part of it.

I had with me only one the Secret Service, I swallowed, and, the front There remained only a note book, and this I could not easily being quiet, our captors had got at, as it was wedged in the plenty of time to deal with front pocket of my battle dress trousers; and in my event, as through a succession of company, battalion and Divisional headquarters and finally deposited, very cold and stiff, in an elementary school at Tunis which was being used as a reception camp.

Disposals

During the course of those successive tramps in the North African starlight, I had successfully extracted from my pocket an operation order, which I shredded and scattered, a marked map, which I squeezed up and dropped into a wadi, and a sheet of paper with wireless "call signs" and signals on it which, in the best tradition of



The extra entry in the Field Service Pocket Book was a joke. But would the Germans appreciate it?

the entry about Prisoners of War; some joke.

I squinted anxiously at the book. Although I wear glasses, I have goddam longsight. The page was divided into paragraphs. Paragraph 1 was about getting prisoners back as quickly as possible, and paragraph 2 was about not being too friendly with them, in case they got inflated ideas. The next one said, "Leave the question." Divisional or Corps Headquarters, who are trained to do it." Then two paragraphs about administrative matters. Then good heavens, yes—how could I have forgotten about that. What an idiot I was—in a light hearted mood after Mess one night, on the boat, I had added a private seventh paragraph. There it stood, in all its horrible nakedness. "Shoot the b—" I felt my face going red, and my feet cold. "We do not quite understand," said Goebbels.

"We do not understand," said Goebbels. "The Commandant wishes to say that he is very angry."

"Just a joke," I said.

"He says that he does not understand jokes like that. This is an extract from an official publication!"

"Well, in a way. But of course the last bit isn't in the book."

Not appreciated

"It is an additional instruction added after the book was printed."

"It isn't an instruction at all."

"Just a joke."

"It may not prove a joke for you," said Goebbels.

Nor did it. A miserable time ensued. Goebbels took great pleasure in informing me exactly where I stood. There were rumours already current that the Americans had shot a Tank Crew after it had surrendered; and here, in writing was evidence of calculated inhumanity at an official level. A policy of

brutality, laid down by my experiences of the night before, and, above all, my military information, One which would lead to instant reprisals. Reprisals for which, as Goebbels pointed out, there was one very convenient candidate immediately available.

Late that evening I was taken by car to the German Headquarters in Tunis. The Corps Commander had expressed the desire to see me and cross question me. After waiting in an ante-room for an uncomfortable hour we were told that the Corps Commander was too busy with a battle. He would see me in my cell. I returned to my cell.

This was a former outhouse, where, in happier days, perhaps deckchairs and gardening tools had been kept. It was simply furnished, with a bale of straw. Also, as I had noticed, the lock was on the inside of the door, and attached only by four screws. And Tripoli at that time was not more than 10 miles from the Allied Front.

When I reached my cell, I found that I was no longer alone. A South African, in flying kit, was lying inconsolable in the corner. He had been shot down in a Flying Fortress over Bleriot that afternoon and was the only survivor. He seemed to have got over his ordeal with considerable resilience, and we were soon busy telling each other our life stories.

So naturally selfish is human nature that I can remember nothing of what he told me, except that his name was Ray, but almost everything that I told him. The details of my capture,

did it really happen?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above. Answer on Page 13 Col. 6.

MICHAEL GILBERT'S detective novels, thrillers, short stories, television and film scripts are just a hobby. By profession he is a solicitor with offices in Lincoln's Inn. Now 44 years of age, he served with the HAC in Italy during the war. He lives in Kent with his wife and five children. His last book, *The Claimant*, was a brilliant study of the Tichborne case.



my experiences of the night cannot remember that I gave the Army. And I apparently convinced him of my innocence. So maybe he did me a good turn after all.

Delaying tactics

"If only," I said, "the Germans had a sense of humour." And later: "The only solution is to run away. Fortunately that shouldn't be too hard," and I exposed to him the weakness of the lock.

"Don't rush it," said Ray. "You'll want food and water and some sort of map. They let us see the others by day. Maybe we could pick up something from them. We'll have a crack at it together tomorrow night."

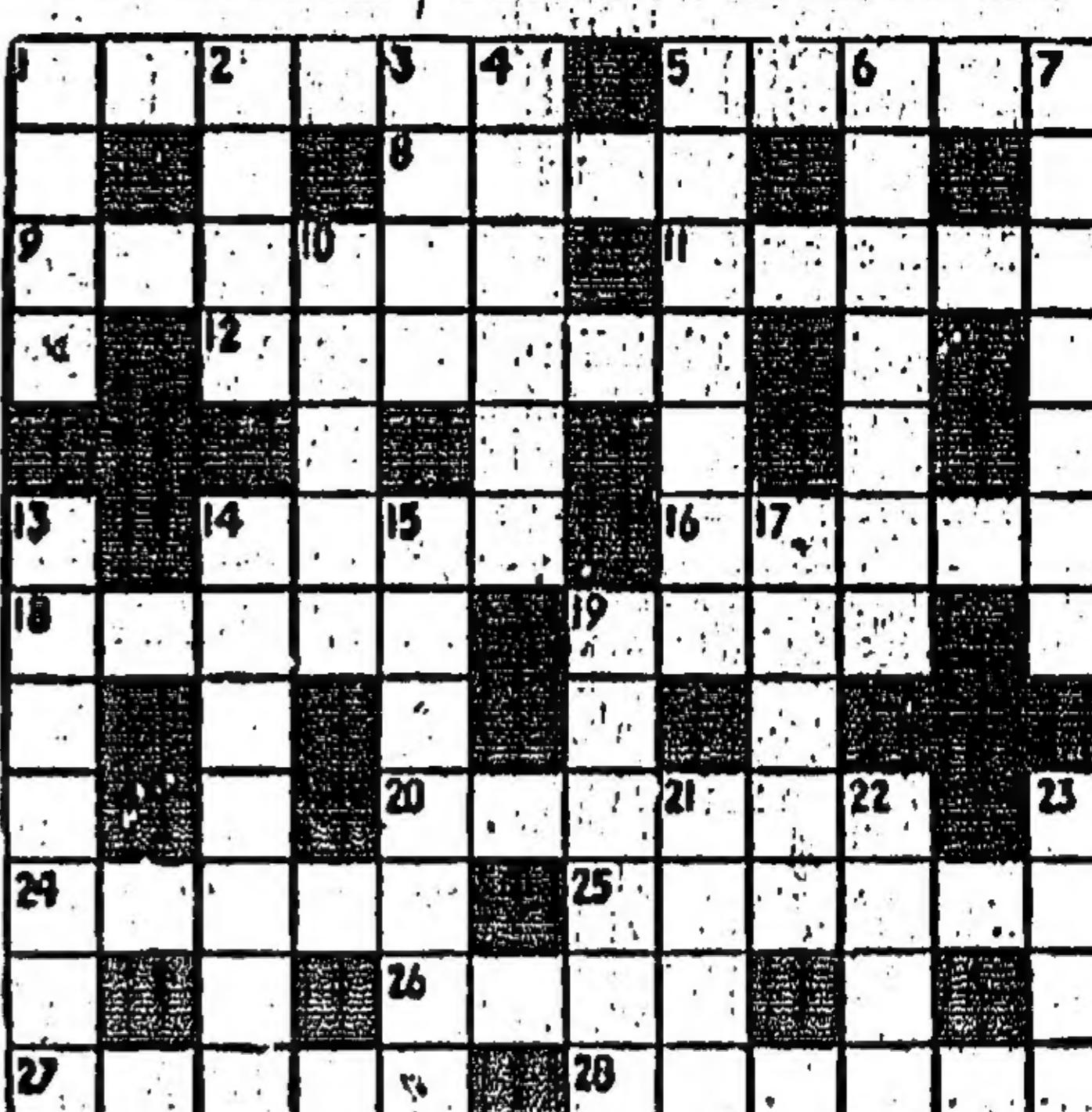
Plans of escape were easily to postpone. We lay down in the straw together and slept. Early next day they came and took Ray away. Air prisoners went to a separate camp. As he left he wished me good luck. I spent the day begging, borrowing and stealing a bottle for water, some oranges, a tin of meat. Such things were much easier in the slack conditions of a reception centre than they became later.

That evening when I headed for my cell the German guard shook his head. No more for me my solitary cell. I was to go over to the main block. It had barred windows and a steel-covered door; and a very alert sentry outside it. There was only one concession. The Corps Commander seemed to have lost interest in me too.

The solution

All of you will, of course, have arrived at the solution for yourselves. I can only plead that the shock of capture does not conduce to clear thinking. But believe it or not it was not until weeks later, when I met up with other officers in my unit who had also shared their cell with him, that I even realised that Ray was a stooge, planted on me to gain my confidence. Well, he gained it all right,

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

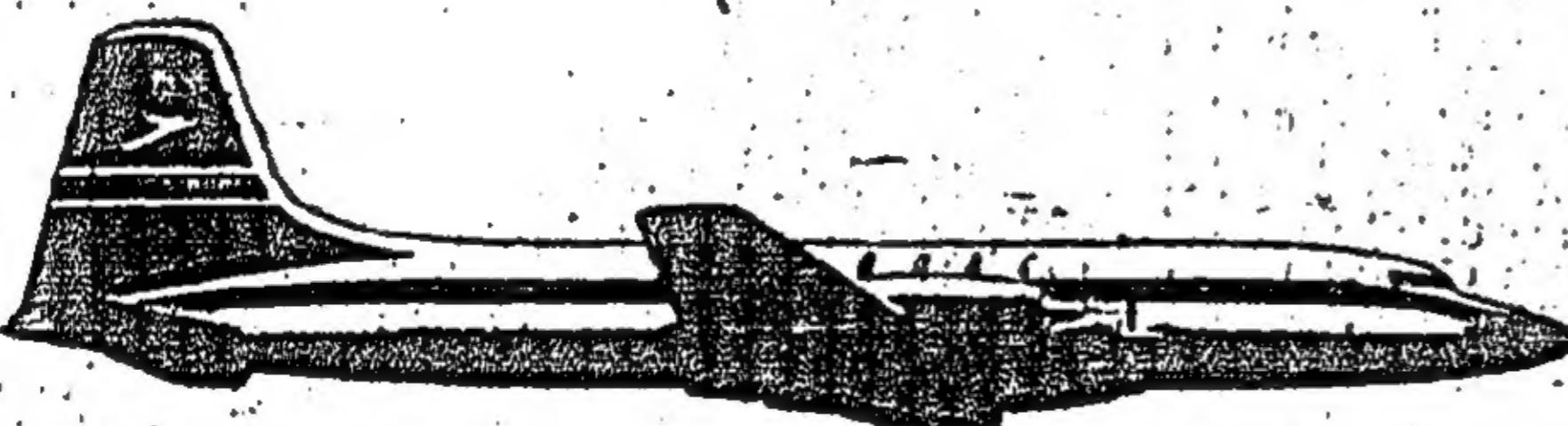
- 1 Veto.
- 5 Overwhelm.
- 8 Cease.
- 10 Haphazard.
- 11 Urge forward.
- 12 Showy stuff.
- 14 Lake.
- 16 Oust.
- 18 Stimulating atmosphere.
- 19 Poems.
- 20 Ransom.
- 24 Play.
- 25 Ascet.
- 26 Flower.
- 27 Artificial silk.
- 28 Delicous drink.

DOWN

- 1 Violent anger.
- 2 Declaim.
- 3 Moial.
- 4 Fleet.
- 5 Adopt.
- 6 Aim high.
- 7 Throb.
- 10 Seat.
- 13 Go to the bottom.
- 14 Clipping art.
- 15 Chorus.
- 17 Gem.
- 18 Decree.
- 21 Besides.
- 22 Soften.
- 23 Dam.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Casts, 4 Robust, 8 Asylum, 10 Raisc, 12 Modest, 14 Pruccio, 17 Test, 19 Illudens, 20 Silence, 22 Clod, 23 Uttered, 27 Slimmer, 29 Trito, 30 Dapper, 31 Haggie, 32 Trend. Down: 1 Clasp, 2 Style, 3 Spume, 5 Ogre, 6 United, 7 Treats, 9 Modicum, 11 Astute, 13 Deleted, 15 Rail, 16 Credit, 18 Sere, 20 Scotch, 21 Leasing, 24 Tract, 25 Rupee, 26 Dared, 28 Meal.

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CONCLUDING THE MOST UNUSUAL MEMOIRS TO COME OUT OF ANY WAR...

I MEET THE GIRLS WHO CARRY GUNS

... and give Fidel Castro a few tips on the art of speech-making

BARGING around in the rebel camp I naturally found my way to the women's corps, the Mariana Grajales Battalion. Mariana was the mother of Antonio Maceo, a Cuban patriot, and the girls in the battalion had been with the Castro force for a long time.

I learned that they were armed with bows, towheaded shoes, no make-up, and guns. All very ascetic, like the bearded men who didn't drink and didn't consort with females while the revolt was on—so it was said.

Most of the girls had a personal reason for being there. A brother or a parent had been shot by the Batistas.

One girl said she would never marry until the revolt was complete. Another was in it for revenge, for injuries done to a sweetheart.

No chorus line

Their boots and shoes were pretty well gone from plenty of walking. They were slacks which they called plenardores—that opened above the boots; a kind of blue jeans garb.

When they joined up with Castro and took to the hills the girls had to put aside bobby pins, curlers, all the gaudy stuff that women everywhere find vital.

I can't say that this made exactly a bevy of chorus-type beauties out of the girls, but they had something that was pretty wonderful, a camaraderie, and fine faces.

They were rather grim; they wanted no more tyranny, they said, "Peace, for God's sake. Let our country live, let the people be in it without constant threats to our men or land."

Not even I can joke about everything I see. What I bumped into among the rebels was serious, and truly revolutionary. There had been too much suffering over the whole island.

My advice

Fidel Castro, the rebels' leader, gave me a surprising amount of his time and attention at the

• Errol Flynn presents the second rip-roaring chapter of his memoirs of the Cuban war. Flynn was with the rebel forces when their revolt moved to its triumphant climax. This is a front-line despatch. To prove it, Flynn has his famous Wound...

My Cuban War: by ERROL FLYNN

period when Batista was getting ready to quit Cuba, just as the revolt was at the edge of success. He asked me about my own life and experience and my work as an actor, and that led into my giving him some thoughts on delivery, histrionics, and how to be effective with an audience.

I listened attentively to that and said he would try to put some of the advice to work. He intended giving an address to his officers shortly, and he asked me to let him know how he did.

No terror

We talked hot and heavy about many things, and he told of his strategy for defeating the Batista Government.

He told me how one of the methods was to cut electric power. This was a principal part of the strategy which won him the victory. But it was altogether another thing and a wrong thing, he said, to poison water, which was a Government tactic.

His idea was to do everything to keep the good will of the people and develop their appreciation of the rebel movement—and not to antagonize the public in any way.

Cut-off transportation, yes. Break up communication, yes. But no mistreatment of the public, no terrorism.

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I tried my hardest to make him laugh, but it wasn't easy to get him to do so.

I gathered that he used laughter rather as a tool in his armoury, as a weapon, to work on the spirits of his followers, but he was too involved a man to see ironies, paradoxes, or amusement in what he was doing.

I mentioned Jesse James.

"Who is she?" he asked.

I described the notorious outlaw—and Castro said he didn't understand. I then said that his movement looked, in America, as if it was a force directed against a legal authority.

That he understood. He stiffened. "I am a doctor of law myself," he said, "and the Government has never done anything legal, never."

His 'luxury'

We dined together, always pretty lightly. He took no pleasure or interest in his food, it seemed. He went about it perfunctorily, like a man who, shaving, thinks of other things.

His food was about the same as everyone else, as near as I could judge.

Occasionally he had a tin of Spanish tuna served to him, but he said he felt he was being overprivileged if he got fare like that. Mostly he ate arroz con pollo—which is chicken and rice. But you had to look hard to find the chicken.

I gathered that one of the things that pleased Castro was the way in which his forces captured the guns of his enemies. He told me how his movement had started with eight men setting out to defy the Government—without guns.

His movement obtained its guns mostly by capture from their enemies. And when a man got a gun he kept it in marvellous shape, and treated it like a teenager would handle his first old crock of a car.

In the popular mind the military side has been attributed to Castro, but, from what I gathered, the military chief of staff was an Argentine named Ernesto Guevara. Castro spoke of the reliability of his aides and advisers, and modestly attributed to many others the reason for his movement's growth and the run of military successes.

The prisoner

In my presence this scene took place:

A colonel of police, a hard Batista man, surrendered. I saw this man as he came to Castro's headquarters. He was brash, he spoke good English, and he had been to school in Chicago. Soldiers brought him to the Commandante extra well secured because the mob was ready to tear him apart. They knew his record as a terrorist.

In the mill was a large room where Castro would speak. We were let in inside. Along with others, I sat in a scores of soldiers and officers. I took up a spot in the back of the room. Up front on a raised kind of platform, was Castro. He stepped forward.



RIDING AROUND behind the rebel lines, Flynn stops to give a soldier a lift.

Oratory

Castro had as much power in his voice as anyone I ever heard say lines for the screen or in the theatre. I believe this has since been noted by television audiences who have heard this voice, with confidence and sweep.

Not until you have earned it," Castro said.

He gave this colonel a loaded Tommy gun, with directions to join his force and show his mettle before he could belong to the Castro movement.

3 a.m. speech

At three o'clock in the morning I was awakened from a difficult sleep—I was on a low-lying wooden bench of sorts when my photographer and I were told that Castro was addressing his officers, and we could go and hear him.

Here, by sheer accident of a crowd of young men young because the Castro movement is largely a youth movement. It dawned on me he was giving them hell.

They had always fought honourably, he reminded them, and they treated their prisoners well, and they hadn't stolen, but now, he accused, the discipline was breaking down.

Maybe, he said, this was because they had come down out of the mountains and the scent of victory was in their nostrils, but some things that were going on had to stop. They were drinking beer. Beer—while the cause was still to be won!

Failing'

I hadn't realized that this was such a crime at this end of Cuba. What was I doing here? I better keep under wraps that otherwise with the drop of vodka still in it.

Now Castro was really letting them have it. They were also

going out with girls, and these girls weren't even members of the movement. Where in blazes was this going to end? he asked.

His voice rippled through the mill, and even with my meager Spanish I caught the words: "You are failing yourselves!" Even so he had them laughing once or twice. Then they would get tense and rape as he went serious.

I hadn't been so close to so much virtue in a long time, not since the last time I entered a church 42 years earlier, dragged there unwillingly by my mother.

I thought of my wives, girl friends, and lesser females in the Flynn retinue around the globe. I wondered what the relationship was between celibacy and a successful revolution.

Dangerous

I suppose females do interfere with that dedicated feeling you ought to have during a crusade. I realized I could never have the qualifications to pass the muster of the true Castroite rebel.

Suddenly the Commandante turned, threw up his arms, and left the room. His admirers let loose with ear-splitting yells, and it was clear to me they loved him as if he was their mother, father, and brother.

It was no Gettysburg address, I decided, but it was nice to see the boss in such great form.

Then came the morning when I was awakened with the cry,

Wounded

During the day a long convoy of rebel troops formed, stretching for a mile. Jeeps and motor-cycles carried the soldiers. Rebel flags made their appearance on poles and trees. I was in a jeep with the photographer, and as Castro turned us the rebels moved, slinkily toward Santiago.

Everybody expected there would be resistance in the city in spite of the flight of Batista. The local Batista men would figure they might as well fight as to be arrested and shot.

We bounced along behind a column that convoyed Fidel himself toward Santiago. We got as far as Central Puma; several miles from Santiago, and we suspected an ambush. The Jeeps slowed, and then there was a burst of fire from somewhere. Everybody went for the ditches.

(Continued on Page 7)



Tough luck on over 50. His hair was a winner, took three years to grow. Then along came Yul Brynner.

. FIVE DAYS THAT MADE HISTORY—AS SEEN BY A HOLLYWOOD WARRIOR

Continued from Page 6)

My own view was that the only time to go for a ditch was when planes came and strafed, so I headed instead for cover behind a wall. This building had been shelled and bricks were loose around it.

Something went through my pants, whatever it was. If not a bullet, then a hunk of metal had been splintered and it had exploded again. Later, I looked down there and the jeans were pretty bloody.

It didn't look bad, and I considered myself lucky—so far.

The next day there was fighting all over Santiago. Once when the two were quite noisy I lay down in a gutter and filled up a stomach-pain pad with notes. My stomach was resting uncomfortably in water and I was uncomfortable until I was able to get out.

Lonely

For two more days bullets continued to whizz around in a nasty way, but I managed to get quarters in the Casa Granda Hotel—service as usual, and even special consideration for me.

From my window I could see shooting in the street, also an ambulance take away a dead rebel.

It chanced that the hotel wasn't doing a brisk business. I was the only guest and a little lonesome. I alternated between hanging about the hotel and getting out into the streets. My notes for January 4 read:

"Must quit—things getting a bit too hot. I'm behind a marble pillar on hotel porch, but being only one around here feel lonely—bullets too many coming too close make me feel that way. Going to make a dash for it inside hotel. Here goes."

My scoop

It was around this time that it dawned on me they were not shooting film.

Obviously the thing to do was to get out.

Throughout my stay with Castro I had been making copious notes, for it was obvious that as I was the only thing like an American war



LUNCH: More rice than chicken.

REBELS IN COMMAND: Flynn with a group of Castro's soldiers in Santiago.

The comic of Santiago asks why I look so old off the screen

correspondent with Castro, and nobody else, was permitted to be with him from America. I had a pretty good news story and ought to get it to the Press.

But there was no communication with Havana, no phones or telegraph now, no planes going between Santiago and Havana.

To complicate matters I couldn't get a haircut. Ever since the rebels decided to grow beards and long hair, the barber business had gone into a decline.

They were as scarce as plane pilots, and some of the barbers began to grow long hair themselves for fear they would be thought of as Batists.

In the midst of these problems a tourist guide approached

me. He showed me his badge and license. Could he show me

wonder-like me—what I was

doing there at this time?

One fellow, a kind of comic,

asked me: "How come you

looking so young in the

movies and so old now? Tell

me."

That hurt a little, and for

answer, I gulped some rum.

"Why you're not going to act instead of dreamin' rum?" Big

laugh from a small audience at my expense, and of course I had

no very profound answer. All

of it was convincing me, however, that I should get out.

Sunday came.

But after the noon Mass, and while the bells were still ringing, bullets began flying.

To hell with this, I said to

myself. Let's go to see the Co-

ordinator of Transport for two

passes to get to Havana. I

made a dash for the Administra-

tion Civil, as they called it.

The photographer and I were

slightly enraged by now, holed

up here in Santiago, with a

news story to scoop the world—

go on, you can always get these

little details taken care of?

In a religious country like

this, I said to myself: There will

be a quiet day on Sunday

they will not shoot each other

so much.

How the Government was hold-

ing out while Batista was safely

out of Cuba—and no pilot to

get us to Havana, where we

could tell what we knew and

what we saw.

Also by now the wound on

my shin was nasty-looking and

needed some dressing and care.

Charm works

The airport manager at San-

tiago had a couple of old planes

lying around there. Govern-

ment planes. He said if I could

fly I could take one out. "Help

yourself," he offered.

"You help yourself," I said.

"I'm not flying one of those

crates." They looked to me as

and cameraman Johnny Elliot and I got on that plane and we moved swiftly back to Havana.

I returned to the big city and had my leg wound looked after. It is just possible that a little more was made of it internationally than it deserved. There is a report around that I put in a half-dozen calls to America to mention my wound and the news of my having been with Castro. That is an absolute lie.

I put in only one. That was all that was necessary.

If you win—

Just before I prepared to return to the States I received a wire from a theatrical agent in New York. It was signed Arthur R. Treffelsen, General Artists Corporation.

IF YOU WIN THE WAR
HAVE POSSIBILITY TO
NOTCH BROADWAY SHOW
CONTACT IMMEDIATELY
UPON RETURN TO NEW
YORK.

If I win the war Flynn, of Burma, Berlin, Tokyo! How could he be so naive!

The end

Today a China Mail writer talks to the British scientist and administrator who, perhaps more than any other man, is responsible for shaping our World of Tomorrow. He is one of the original team who gave Britain its present lead in nuclear power. The natural successor of such men as Sir John Cockcroft, Sir Christopher Hinton, Sir William Penney and Sir Eric Plowden. He is strongly tipped as the next director of the Atomic Energy Authority.

HIGH above the roar of Piccadilly's traffic, in a new building riveted with security arrangements and peopled with police, sits Sir William Cook, 54 years old in April, engineering and production chief of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority.

A product of Bristol University, and incidentally one of the few top scientists not drawn from the Oxford-Cambridge axis, William Richard Joseph Cook's record is one of rapid and unceasing success.

He began with first-class honours in applied mathematics. Then came ten years in the Woolwich Research Department. During the war he was with the Ministry of Supply, working on projectile development.

Hedge-hopper

After 1945 his life became one long hedge-hopping operation, from being Director of the Guided Projects Department to Chief of Royal Naval Scientific Research.

In 1954, as plain Mr Cook, he joined the Atomic Energy Authority as Deputy Director of Atomic Weapons Research, and began his long and friendly contact with Sir William Penney.

Cook was in charge of the Christmas Island thermonuclear tests that gave Britain the big deterrent.

Sir William looks forward to the age of leisure

By MARK CHRISTIE

He negotiated the "secrets swap" with America which gave British research such a boost, and marked him not only as a scientist but a diplomat.

In 1967 he was given his present post with a knighthood in the New Year's Honours of 1958.

All this is belied by the bland, friendly "uncle" face that occupies the simple desk and bookshelf of his new office in Charles II Street.

To Sir William Cook, the World of Tomorrow means power—power from the smallest unit known to man, the atom.

The budget

"At the moment," he said, "we have six atomic power stations in various stages of development, with another two announced, and by the end of 1965 there will be about 14.

What we fully expect is that the next generation of stations will make nuclear power competitive with coal," he said.

At present we are in the first generation. By 1966 the advanced cooled reactors will take over, by 1970 it will be the turn of the high temperature reactor, and later still the fast breeder plant.

Once we get into the more advanced stages of reactors, electricity will become increasingly cheaper. At the moment it costs about 7d. a unit. We are going to knock it down to 3d. per unit, or less than half.

"By then, atomic power will have superseded coal as our main source of energy."

"Already, one ton of atomic fuel can provide as much power as 10,000 tons of coal, but when we get the DuPont-type reactor going we will raise that to about

100,000 tons of coal."

Power—atomic power—means many things. It has already given birth to the American atomic marines Nautilus and Seawolf.

Sir William Cook:

Unlimited power means less and less work for all

What does such a man, faced with the tremendous responsibilities of diplomat, scientist and

national clairvoyant, do in his spare time? A broad grin came over his face; he refilled his pipe which was "giving it all" of trouble, and said:

"Well, I don't really have any. It's a seven-day-a-week job. What time I get I spend with my family; I read myself to sleep each night. But not text books. No, I don't read thrillers either."

But the family, comprising Lady Cook, daughter and son at their home in Newtown, near

Newbury in Berkshire, do not see him often.

While Sir William prepared to attend yet another meeting, I asked him a final question.

As the man who exploded Britain's first atom bomb on Christmas Island did he himself approve of the nuclear deterrent?

"Oh yes, I am great believer in it. These things are so awful, so frightening, that anybody who thinks very hard before starting trouble. We might never have a hero talking about the future if we had not had that weapon."

—(London Express Services).

FOR MODERN WIVES
IN MODERN
TIMES . . .

MORPHY-RICHARDS

'ASTRAL' SPIN-DRYER

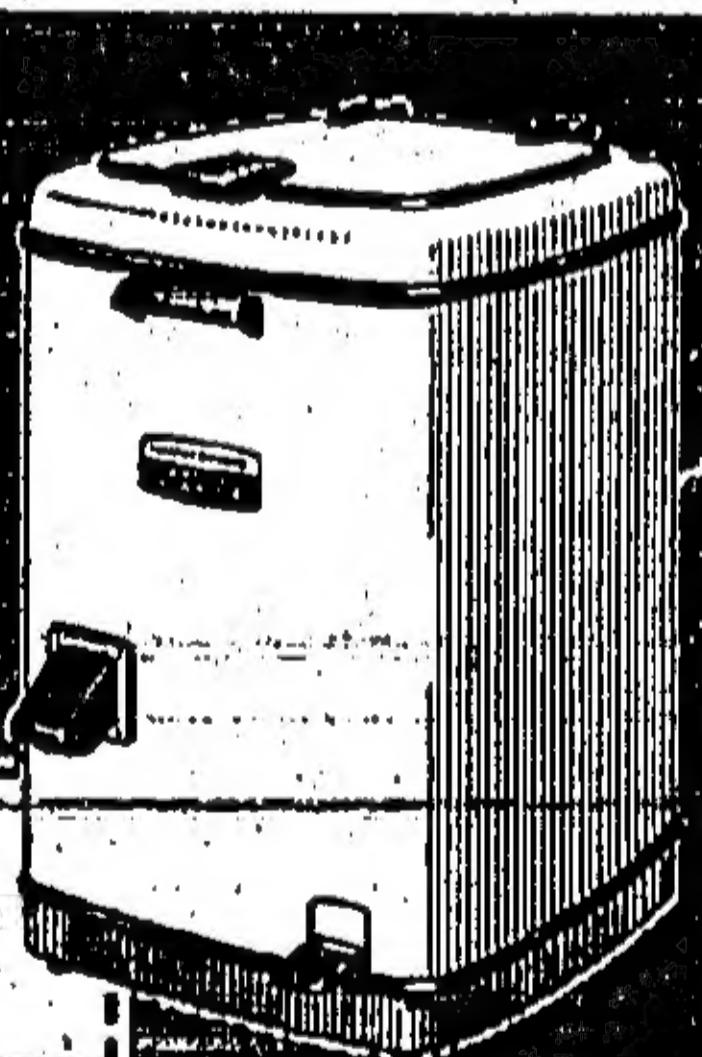
★ Holds 30 lbs. of wet clothes. Dry weight 8 lbs.

★ Dries your washing quicker, more thoroughly and with far less effort.

★ Accommodates a full-size blanket quite easily.

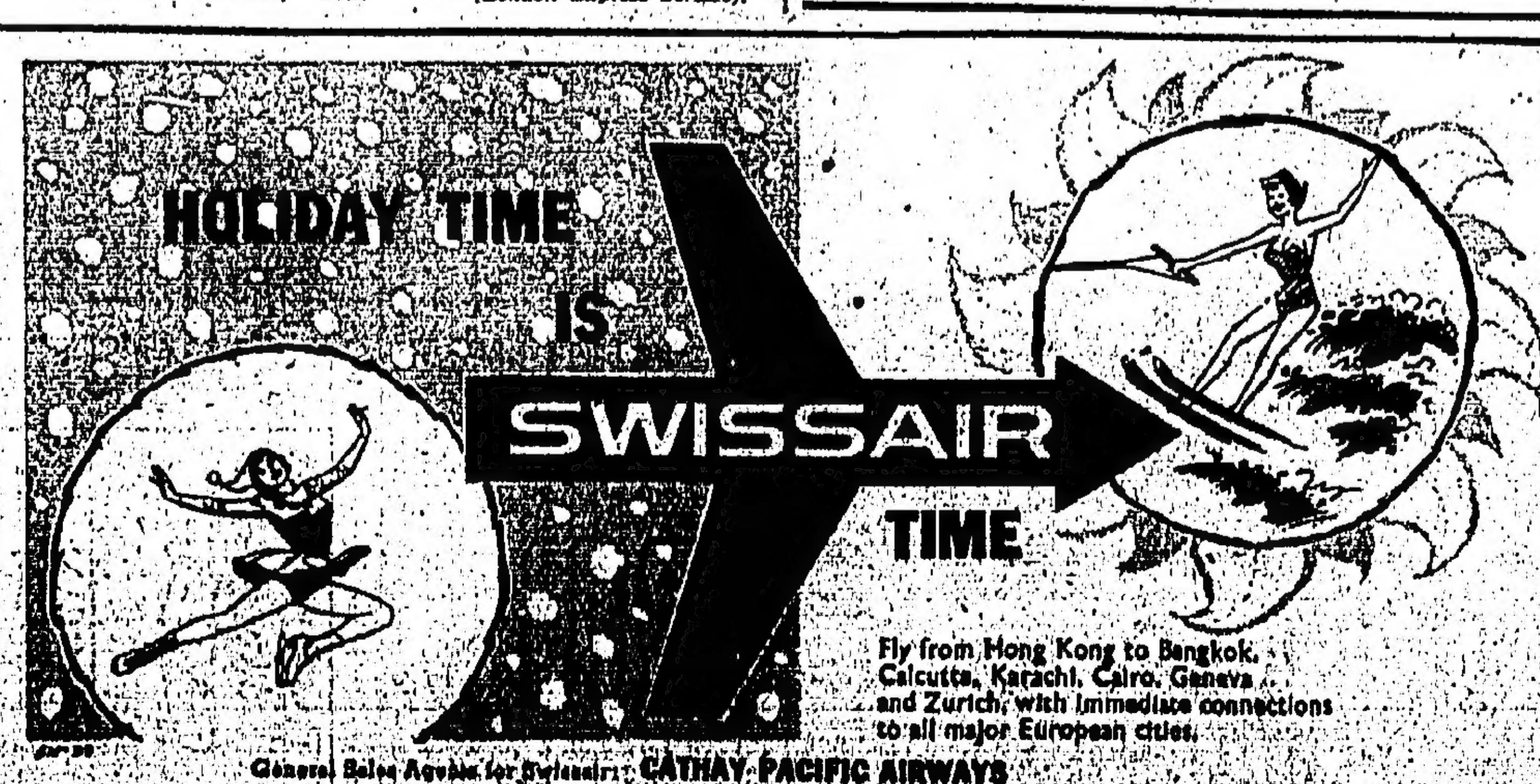
★ Is particularly effective for artificial silk, rayon, rayon and other synthetic fabrics.

★ Removes soapy water after washing. Proves so effective that you will not normally have to rinse more than once.



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Did Russia's Moon Rocket Really Do It?

DID Russia's Lunik rocket really pass the moon and go into orbit round the sun? No Western scientist saw it or heard its signal. After this first announcement of success Russia has said nothing. Now, for the first time a British scientist publicly voices the doubt in Western minds.

PROFESSOR BERNARD LOVELL, professor of radio astronomy and director of Jodrell Bank, is still tracking America's successful probe 300,000 miles in space. Here he answers 10 questions about Lunik in an interview with PETER FAIRLEY.

QUESTION: Do you doubt tracking Lunik so far with accuracy?

ANSWER: As far as I know there is no evidence outside Russia which enables us to assess whether the Russian claim is correct. But it is important to remember that the orbit of such a probe can be determined by measurements made within a few hours of launching. There is no reason to doubt that Russia made such measurements.

QUESTION: Do you believe Russia tracked it past the moon as she said?

ANSWER: I am still waiting for scientific evidence that this was done.

QUESTION: Last autumn, when you visited Russia, did you see apparatus capable of scientific observatories. Per-

haps in military establishments of which we are uninformed.

QUESTION: Has any Western scientist proof that Lunik was the success the Russians have claimed?

ANSWER: The scientific purpose of Lunik was, presumably, to get data about conditions near the earth and the moon. We have no evidence that it got it. Success would depend on the correct functioning of apparatus in the probe and successful reception of the signals on earth. It may be that Russia will soon publish results, but at present there is no information.

QUESTION: Why did the world's largest radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank fail to detect Lunik?

ANSWER: This is puzzling. When Lunik was said to be closest to the moon the Jodrell Bank telescope was scanning on the frequency (183 megacycles) said by the Russians to be the tracking frequency.

No signals were received. The telescope was sensitive enough to detect a very small signal at this distance. But it is possible that Lunik had a beacon which was under ground control from Russia.

ANSWER: Not in ordinary scientific observatories. Per-

• BY THE WAY •

by Beachcomber

ENTERPRISE and initiative could hardly go further than the new liquid which creates eggs moth-proof.

Experiments showed that moths which attacked eggs smeared with the mixture were killed, and that eggs unsmearred were ignored by the winged marauders. This being so there would seem to be no need to smear eggs at all. But that would be to ignore the best contemporary thought. What is needed now is a chemical which, when smeared on foghorns, will prevent bees clinging them, acting on the assumption that no bees will go within a mile of unsmearred foghorns.

"To protect foghorns from creatures which have no intention of attacking them," said an opponent of the scheme, "is rather a roundabout method."

In passing

POINTING out the gratifying results of compulsory education, an expert referred to the team-spirit fostered at school, and carried out into the world by those who have learned it.

ANSWER: Undoubtedly the problem of getting a man into orbit round the earth and then into space.

—London Express Service.

Solving a dog's problems

THE owner of what is claimed to be the smallest dog in the world has confessed that he has had to buy one of the more expensive cans because the little畜生 will ride in no other. Such a dog is bound to take a fancy to flying one day, and the owner will have to buy a private plane. Then the question of a yacht will arise.

"Tiny dogs," said a breeder, "have an inferiority complex. That is why they demand luxury."

Seesaw tug-of-war

HO, sit, spring in the ayre will rounnd our patrons of our springs in the ayre, seesaw is most suitable at such season as this one, and we have a gnew hangle. We will persent a seesaw to our patrons in the ayre, men syde with Kazbulah and me keepin the plonk steady at each head, while Rizamughan takes the strane on his belly, the both teams of pullers sitting entride the plonk and gripin the rope like at a meetropolian porleed yambure. Will not this be fun, no yes please...

—London Express Service.

QUESTION: How do you think is receiving priority in the Russian space programme?

ANSWER: Undoubtedly the problem of getting a man into orbit round the earth and then into space.

—London Express Service.

QUESTION: What do you think is receiving priority in the Russian space programme?

ANSWER: Undoubtedly the problem of getting a man into orbit round the earth and then into space.

—London Express Service.

The signals

QUESTION: Have you asked Russia for information about Lunik?

ANSWER: Yes. I have tried to get an explanation of the apparent lack of signals on the tracking frequency.

QUESTION: Do you think Russia, like the Americans, was directing the bulk of her space resources on a programme of lunar probes?

ANSWER: The Russian scientists informed me last August that they had no immediate intention of launching a lunar rocket. In our experience, our Russian colleagues are most gullible in the information they give us.

I therefore believe that during the autumn Russia redirected her efforts in view of the stupifying deadlock of East-West power politics that has gripped Europe for the last 14 years.

QUESTION: What do you think is receiving priority in the Russian space programme?

ANSWER: Undoubtedly the problem of getting a man into orbit round the earth and then into space.

—London Express Service.

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—London Express Service.

POWER CAPITALS

OF THE WORLD

TODAY: WASHINGTON by ROSS MARK

Leadership lies like a discarded sceptre in America today

THIS city SHOULD be a capital on the move. Down in the shallow, gentle cup of green land that is the Potomac Valley, the river is unfreezing and starting to flow. A warm spring sun has thawed the Virginia and Maryland foothills unleashing the freshets, full and quick.

Between the White House and the great pentagonal Defence Department, a rabbit warren of 30,000 workers, the tidal basin stirs brownly, sluggishly, like a million million gallons of coffee, and the ice looks like thick floating hunks of cream.

Spring has brought life to Washington. The ellipse, the parkland running from the Potomac River up to the back lawns of the White House, is still earthy brown, yet with a veil of filmy green. Signs say "Seeded—no short cuts."

The freezing winter thaw is tucking its skirts and going. Yes, by all tokens, Washington should be a capital on the move. But not now.

Here is the astonishing and amazing situation that Mr Macmillan, I am sure, suspects and is bound to discover.

Let me sketch the background. In the immediate future the United States, and, of course, the rest of the Western world, is going to have to make a crucial decision.

Afraid

Simply—will America try to negotiate seriously with the Russians to break loose the stupifying deadlock of East-West power politics that has gripped Europe for the last 14 years?

The crisis is at hand, and, as one who has followed the fateful progress of our modern drama in this prime Western power capital I prickle with apprehension.

Not only has America not made up its mind, it has not even at this moment selected a clear-cut voice or leader on the mighty issues that confront this world with atomic war.

Stricken

Unless there is a sudden, and unforeseen, change in Washington, Mr Macmillan will be dealing with a triumvirate of power on world affairs.

There, in the huge fifth-floor office of the State Department, Mr Macmillan will have to catch the third section of America's broken voice on world affairs.

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There, in the huge fifth-floor office of the State Department, Mr Macmillan will have to catch the third section

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Ask Your Doctor First

WITH spring almost upon us, stand by for the inevitable flood of "wonder" diets.

I'm making no forecasts, but I'll bet that the majority of them guarantee to melt your excess poundage away in no time at all.

★ ★ ★

Beware of them. No diet will melt away your unwanted weight rapidly and safely. Rapid loss of weight may be dramatic. It can also be dangerous. And if you lose weight too quickly, the loss of bulk is not likely to compensate for the almost inevitable nervousness and depression.

I'm not arguing against dieting. But I do urge you to be sensible about it.

The first thing to remember is that by far the greatest amount of overweight is the result of eating and drinking too much.

Almost certainly he will tell you to cut out high-calorie foods (ries, rich puddings, gravies, dressings). But don't despair. You'll be amazed at the amount of appetizing food still available to you.

That may seem a statement of the blindingly obvious. But you'd be amazed how many women will not face up to it. And why? Because once you do, you're faced with a test of will-power that too few are ready to accept.

Still want to go ahead with a diet? Right, the most important thing, then, is to make sure that your health doesn't suffer while you are dieting. So first of all, see your doctor. He can put you on the sort of diet which will remove weight at a safe rate—two to three pounds weekly.

At the same time he will make sure that your diet includes necessary nourishment—proteins, vitamins, minerals.

If you are going to lose weight safely and effectively, then resign yourself to the fact that it is a long term process.

And face this fact, too. If you want to stay trim and healthy, you'll have to change your eating habits permanently.

But, please, make sure that you do so on adequate medical advice.

It's Important To Be Corseted Below

By MURIEL PENN

A NEW line in fashions demands new foundation garments to show it off to the best advantage.

This is especially true of the coming spring and summer as fashion returns to a more fitted look after the loose lines of the Sack, the Chemise and the Trapeze.

No one knows better than the smart woman that foundation garments are the foundation of fashion—that "if a woman is ill-clad beneath, the most elaborate and costly clothing will tend to give her a 'bargain basement appearance.'

In other words, an inexpensive dress or suit worn over an appropriate and properly fitted foundation garment will look ten times better than the most expensive outfit worn over an ill-fitting or inadequate girdle or corset.

The Corsidress

An entirely new foundation garment, designed to solve all figure problems and eliminate that "bargain basement look" is the "corsidress" combining not only bra and girdle but also a bouffant petticoat in one single garment, or "first dress" as the makers like to call it.

The idea is not new.

Our great grandmothers, in the latter 1800's, in addition to fastening their corsets at the back because front fastenings interfered with the close fit of

From The Hips

A foundation garment should be moulded from the hips upwards. When this is done correctly, shoulder straps become superfluous.

The advent of elastic, nylon, perlon and all the other sheets at man's disposal today has revolutionised nothing more than woman's "first dress."

The new "corsidress," specially designed to enhance the feminine beauty of the wearer's figure while concealing any defects by perfect fit and moulding, combines maximum comfort with absolute flexibility.

Not even the drag or shoulder

straps is permitted. Although these are supplied with daytime models if required, the makers prefer the strapless version.

So in the new "first dress" wardrobe, there is a cotton brassiere and girdle combination for sports or leisure wear, a smart high-busted corset to offset an elegant dress and jacket ensemble, a "corsidress" for wearing under a slim cocktail or evening dress, and the bouffant version in day or evening lengths, to hold out full swirling skirts.

The idea is not new.

Our great grandmothers, in

the latter 1800's, in addition to fastening their corsets at the back because front fastenings interfered with the close fit of

values.

Modern Parents Have Strange Values

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph. D.

A MOTHER returning from her hairdresser's the other day said she saw a little girl there, about 4, getting a permanent. When she expressed surprise, the hairdresser told her: "I began giving my own little girl permanents when she was only 2 1/2."

CAPS AND GOWNS

Some private kindergartens have their youngest graduate in caps and gowns. Formal graduation exercises with all the trimmings are creeping down the grades in some public schools.

Dolls, almost life-size, of brides and grooms are on sale today, and formal dresses for girls barely out of babyhood. I once heard a minister report boastfully that his little son, 6, had been a bridegroom in a "Tom Thumb" wedding on the previous evening.

NOTHING TO ANTICIPATE

What have these children left to look forward to? How dull will the usual celebrations be for them—when they approach adulthood? No wonder special accommodations, such as "the aid of bairns," which come with the aid of bairns,

liquor, tend to be added increasingly to avoid boredom.

Naturally, kids like to take parts in group activities which make them imagine themselves adults. Yet it is actually all fantasy with them, for they lack the age and maturity to enjoy these activities as real experiences. They are lured by the glamour and miseries of the discipline. They get a warped sense of values.

ADULT VANITIES

These precious practices by children so very young would not occur but for the vanities and appetites for amusement of their parents. What can be the measure of vanity for the mother who has her daughter (3, 4, or even 5) get a permanent? What buys bride and groom dolls for her daughter (only 6, 7, or even 12)? Who urges other mothers to have parties with formal dresses for their daughters (9 or 10)?

What can be the measure of vanity of the mother, principal and parents of sixth-grade children who insist on putting on graduating exercises that are almost identical to high school or even college commencement?

What have these children left to look forward to? How dull will the usual celebrations be for them—when they approach adulthood? No wonder special accommodations, such as "the aid of bairns," which come with the aid of bairns,

NOT FOR FAT GIRLS



Actress Kay Kendall started the fashion—black stockings. In cold weather they're a boon, at other times they look very silly.—Reuterphoto.

KATHLEEN NORRIS WRITES HER LAST BOOK?

KATHLEEN NORRIS, author of "86 or 87" novels, 300 short stories and more than 1,500 articles, has written her last book... maybe.

She recently completed her autobiography, sat with anecdotes, miles and pictures. The yet-untitled book will be published in September.

"I say this is my last," said the 78-year-old author, "but there's always one more in the back of my mind."

A newspaper writer before the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, Mrs. Norris published her first novel, "Mother," in 1911. President Teddy Roosevelt praised it so enthusiastically that 1,500,000 copies were sold.

Kathleen Norris has some emphatic opinions about today's "shocking school" of fiction, with its emphasis on sex.

"I belong to the generation before that, when young people didn't go out over such trips. I'm not easily shocked, but I am easily disgusted."

MODEL FEMALES

Mrs. Norris' heroines are model females—good, true, kind and beautiful.

"But they have to get into some sort of trouble or I'll think they're a bit," she said.

That trouble is resolved normally, for Mrs. Norris, a devout Roman Catholic, who feels that morals haven't changed during the ages, even if some authors might have.

"We always heard about redneck girls," she commented, "but today the communications have changed—every woman has a right to be a woman."

NAN RILEY

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A BACKWARD CHILD

If Johnny falls in school, it may not mean he's a dull boy. Perhaps he needs medical attention.

So says Dr. C. Henry Kempe, a doctor and professor at Colorado University medical school.

"School failures are a medical problem and should be treated as such," Kempe said. "Basically, such failures are a matter of adjustment," he added.

"In grades one to three, failure often is caused by mental deficiency or slowness or by undetected handicaps such as faulty hearing or sight. Among smart children who cannot read, there may be a mental block that makes a certain type of teaching result in a learning deficiency. The deficiency can be corrected by going back to the first grade level and reteaching by another method," he said.—U.P.I.

PLANTING A GARDEN

A ROSE may not be a rose unless it is planted with care.

Choose planting spots reached by the sun at least six hours a day. Dig holes 15 to 18 inches apart for hybrid tea roses, 20 to 24 inches apart for floribundas. Keep bare-root roses in water until ready. Spread the roots over a cone of soil in the bottom of a rosy hole.

The knob of the stem should be at soil level when the hole is filled. Pulverise the soil and mix in one cup of granular commercial plant food. Surround the roots and pour in water, jostling the rose gently so that the water carries to all air pockets. The pull up slightly.

In summer, water roses often. Feed each plant a half cup of balanced plant food every third week, then water. Cut stems of faded blooms back to a five-part leaf.

Evening Glitter



Evening Glitter

By ALICE ALDEN

GLITTERY hem, interest and back interest all play a starring role in clothes designed for bright evening wear. This year, a new evening collection will trumpet a simple yet outstanding costume such as this. The fabric is gold and wool knitted lame, draped and soft. The top has an intricate draped collar at the neckline with a soft bow on the back interest. The bodice has a slightly cinched waist. The hemline is elegantly ruffled in front. The high neckline is on the outside, keeping body in soft, flowing lines.

—NAN RILEY

NOW

NUSOFT

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1. Makes wash-hardened clothes yielding and fluffy. NuSoft puts back the softness that washing agents take out.

2. Always use when washing baby's jackets, dresses and nappies.

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4. Gives clothes a cleaner and fresher smell.

Available at: Dairy Farm, Ice & Cold Storage Co. Ltd., Lantau, Crawford Ltd., Kowloon Store, Liberty Store, Chun Hing (H.K.) Co. Ltd., Sole Distributor: Connell Bros. Co. (Hong Kong) Ltd.

Watch your beauty born anew!



Helena Rubinstein Skin Life

TURGOSMON

Biological Anti-Wrinkle Treatment

SKIN LIFE—the name exactly describes this revolutionary new treatment—the first youth-action preparation which actually conditions the skin as they are applied, so that your cells absorb vitalising nutrients instantaneously, renew themselves with fresh vitality. With Skin Life Turgosmon, skin cells become more supple because they hold more natural moisture. Youthfulness is restored as natural oil secretions increase. Your skin becomes plumped-out again, looks years younger.

Complete Skin Life Treatment—Cream, Cleanser, Emulsion and Mask. Each preparation can, of course, be used on its own.

Skincare Treatment available from

Salon d'OR

Specialists in

Helena Rubinstein

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

103, Yu To Seng Bldg., Queen's Rd., C. Tel: 21417

against fleas, bugs and other pests, remember:

NUCID is always best!

NUCID SPRAY, NUCID BONDS, GEL, PRODUCTS OBTAINABLE IN ANTI-PEST-CONTROL AND DRIVE-ON-ROADSIDE DEPARTMENT STORES.



ABOVE: Parents anxiously scan the examination results list during the Kowloon Junior School Open Day held recently...



RIGHT: Mr Tang Shiu-kin, who presented a mobile eye clinic to the Hongkong branch of the British Red Cross Society recently, applauds as Lady Black (centre), wife of the Governor, hands the van's licence over to Mrs Wendy Turner.

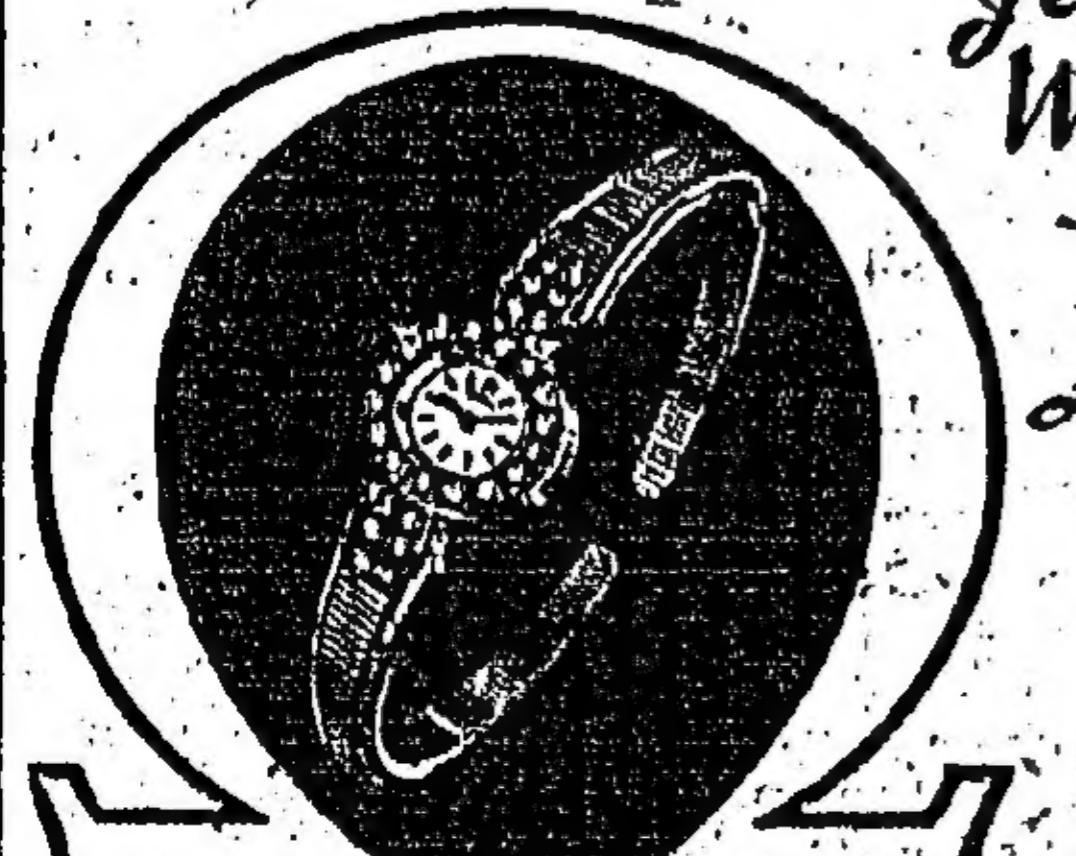


ABOVE: The Chinese Radio Association gave a farewell dinner party recently, for Mr A. G. van Rongen, managing director of Philips Hongkong, Ltd. Soon is Mr T. K. Law, chairman of the Association, making a speech with Mr van Rongen on his right.

★ ★ ★

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of jewelled Watches for Ladies



Ranging from HK \$1000

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ABOVE: Charles Patrick O'Donnell Paterson poses for the photographer in his mother's arms shortly after his christening at St John's Cathedral recently. He is the son of Mr and Mrs B. O'Donnell Paterson. His sisters, Judith and Susan, are on left and right.



ABOVE: Mr. Henry Yip Ching-ping and Miss Cecilia Chan Kit-lai, who were formally engaged at Sky Restaurant before a large gathering of friends and relatives recently.

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. William John Lee seen shortly before they left on the as President Wilson recently to spend their honeymoon in Japan. The bride is the former Miss Sandra Talbot, a popular member of the Colony's younger set.



ABOVE: A Police motorcycle escort leads the way for a hearse bearing the remains of the late Sir Man-kam Lo who died on March 7. Sir Robert Black and Lady Black were among the many who paid their last respects to Sir Man-kam.

LEFT: Mr Lo Shiang-fu, 89-year-old Confucius scholar, soon speaking at the Rotary Club, Hong Kong Island West, luncheon last week. He reminisced of his Canton schooldays some 60 years ago.



BELOW: Little Latifa Rahman (centre) smiles at the many friends who gathered to help her celebrate her ninth birthday recently. Latifa is the daughter of Mr and Mrs S. A. L. Rahman.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Staff members of the Mercantile Bank gave a farewell party on Monday to the assistant accountant, Mr S. Boag (centre), who is being seconded to the Bank's Kuala Lumpur branch. They are soon here gathered for a group photograph.

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ABOVE: A group snapped at the St Paul's Boys' College Alumni Association dinner in honour of the Rev. G. L. Speak's appointment as Headmaster of the College. Left to right are the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall, Bishop of Hongkong, Rev. G. L. Speak, Dr W. K. Fok, and Mrs A. D. Stewart.



RIGHT: Dr the Hon. S.N. Chau addresses a gathering at the opening of the new club premises and laboratories of the Chinese Photographic Association at Coronet Court, North Point. Mr Frank C. F. Hsu, President, is on right.



ABOVE: Dr and Mrs Haroon Abdullah soon shortly after their wedding at the Registry last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Lillian Chan How-ling, while the groom is a Medical Officer at Queen Mary Hospital. A Chinese banquet reception, attended by over 200 guests, was held later at the Clover Restaurant.



ABOVE: Lady Hogan, wife of the Chief Justice, Sir Michael Hogan, presents a trophy to Little Tang King-ping, of Eastern Hospital Road Government School, with the Helen Henschel Cup, at the finals of the Schools' music festival held at Queen's College recently.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, escorts Mrs Dawson-Grove into the ballroom at Repulse Bay Hotel during the St Patrick's Society annual ball this week. On right are Dr A. W. Dawson-Grove, President of the Society, and Lady Black.



LEFT: Mr Roger Levi toasts Mrs C. L. Kung at a cocktail party held recently during the opening of the new shop premises of Kung Bros. and Co., Ltd., and the Hong Zang Tailoring Co. at the Miramar Arcade.



BELOW: Dame Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina of the Royal Ballet, and her partner, Mr Michael Somes, visited Hongkong recently. They are seen here, with Miss Carol Bateman (left) who trained Dame Margot in Shanghai many years ago.

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ABOVE: Hollywood stars Tony Martin and his wife Cyd Charisse arrived in Hongkong from Manila for a five-day pleasure stay. They are seen here (first and third from left), after disembarkation.

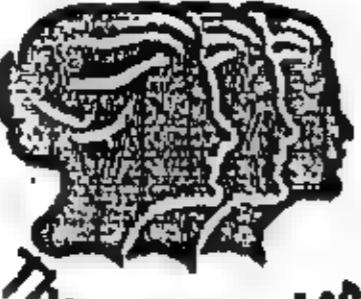


BELOW: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, poses with a group during the Lions Club annual ball held at the Peninsula Hotel recently. Left to right are Mr S. Wong, Mrs Jack Y. H. Yuen, Mr J. Clarke, the Governor, and Mr and Mrs Nelson H. Lee.

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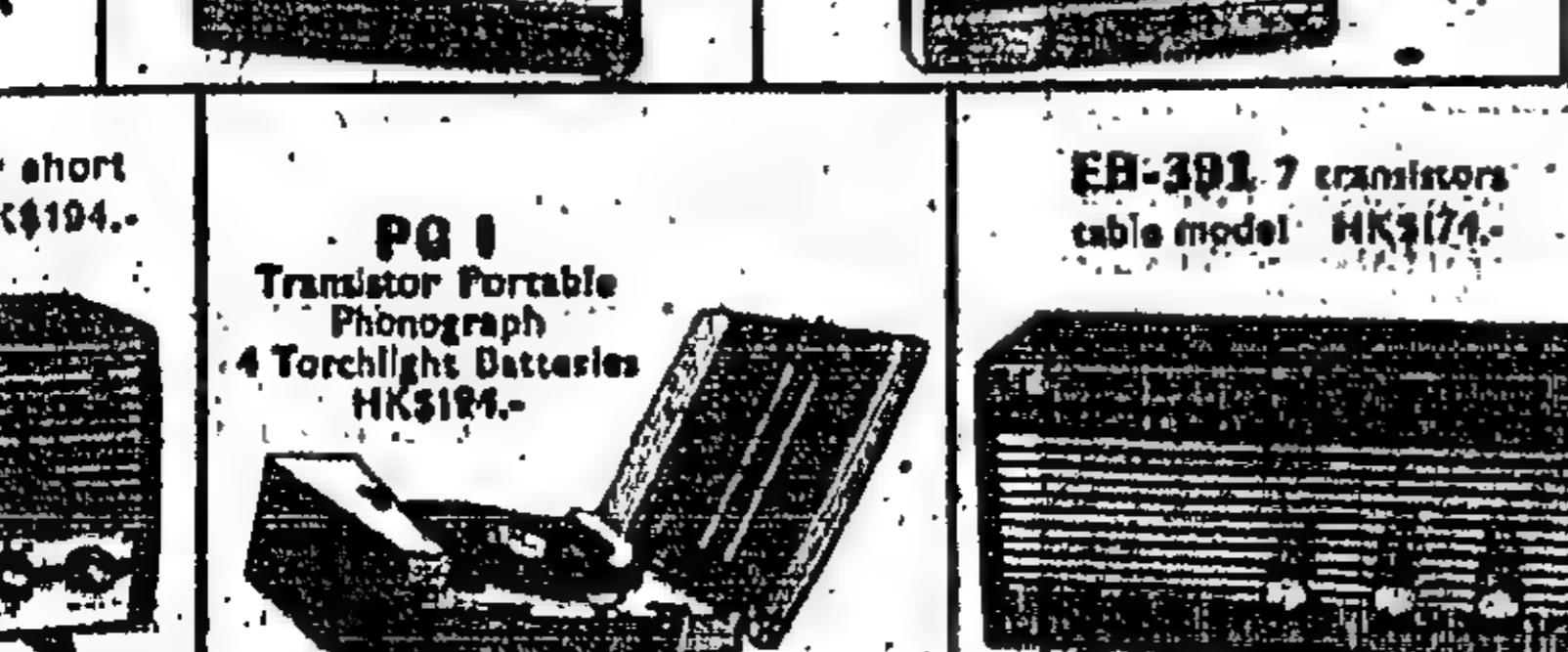
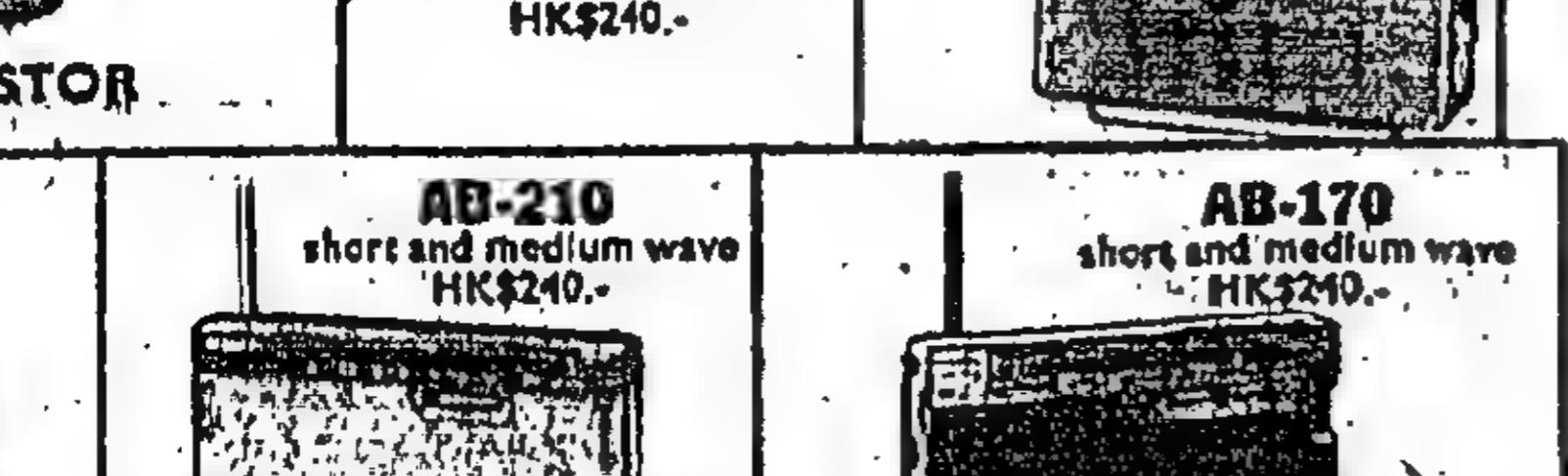
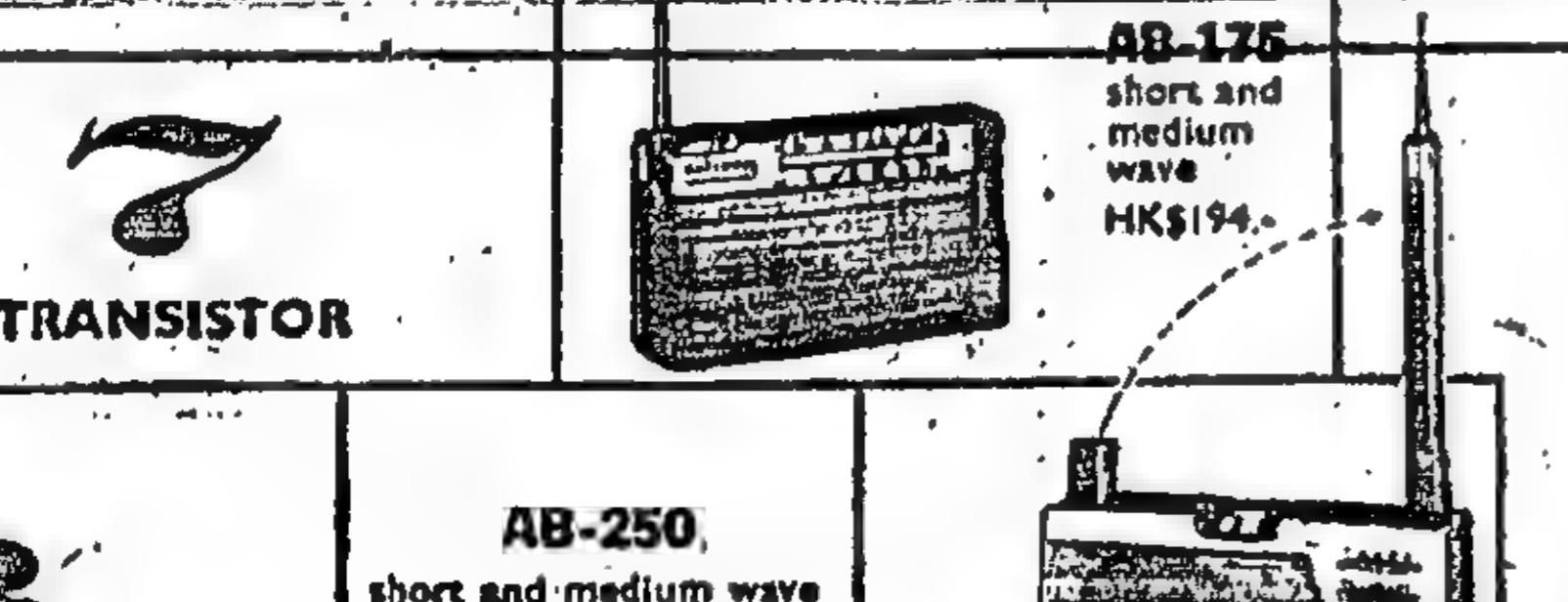
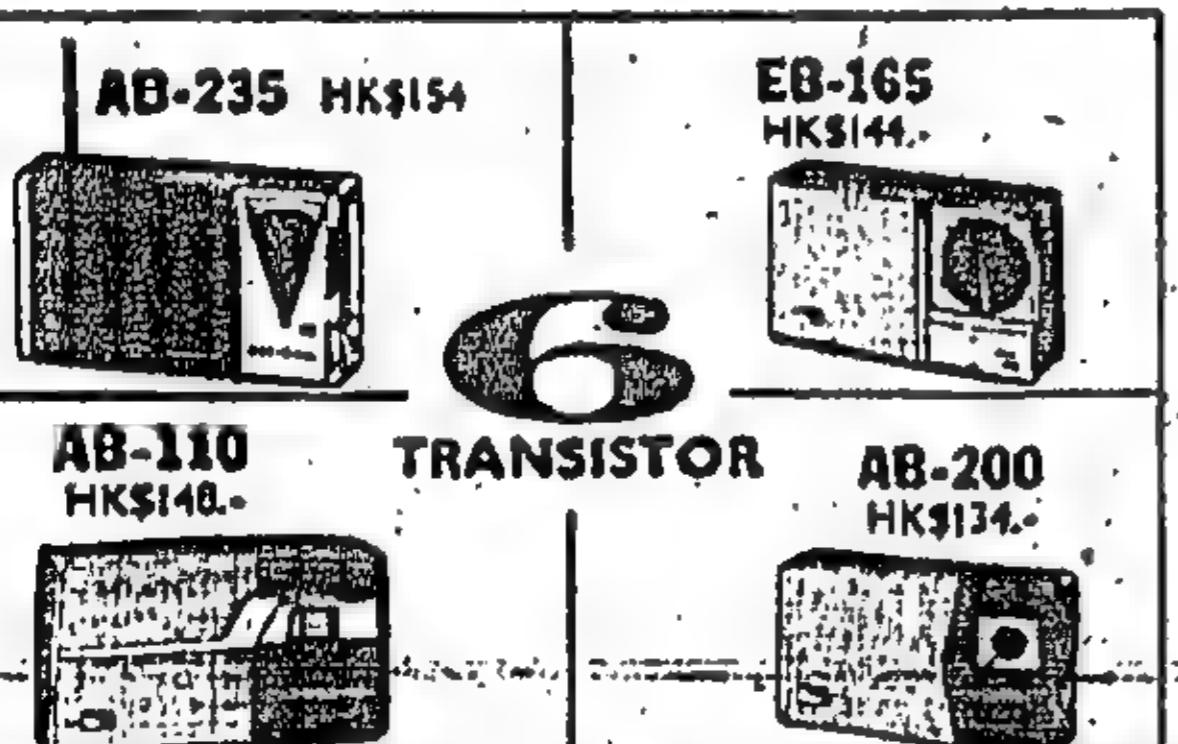
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MR CALDERONI gave us his "Trotter di Flumo in Carpione"—soused trout, he said, the housewife could save money by applying the method to less expensive herrings, especially in the early summer when their flavour is so good.

This dish, which I have made, is a wonderful one for a dinner party because it has to be made 24 hours before it is eaten to give the marinade time to penetrate properly. It is served direct from the dish. No last-minute work!

Here are the ingredients for four: 4 river trout, salt and

freshly-milled pepper, flour, olive oil for frying, 1 thinly sliced medium-sized onion, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 1 crushed clove garlic, 2 leaves fresh sage, a sprig of rosemary, a bay leaf, 3 to 4 peppercorns, 1 to 2 chillies, 2 tablespoons pure red wine vinegar, 8 tablespoons of water.

Season the trout with a little salt and pepper. Turn them in the flour, shake off excess, then very gently fry them on both sides for a very few minutes in a little olive oil. Place them close together in a dish in which they fit snugly.

Fry the onion for 10 minutes in the fresh olive oil, without colouring it. Add the remaining ingredients and heat through. At once pour this mixture over the trout. Leave for 12 hours in a cold place, then turn the trout and leave for a further 12 hours.

Remove the garlic—it is unpleasant to get a piece in the mouth and you want only the aroma—but leave everything else in the dish. Serve each trout with a spoonful of its marinade.

I can recommend this method for both trout and herring.

Soused Trout

Halibut Duglere

Calderoni's Orange Sicilienne

when the centre bone can be removed.

Drain off the stock. Boil to reduce it, then add a claret glass of double cream. Let cook for a few minutes to thicken. Finish by adding about 1 oz. butter, a little at a time, shaking the pan to bring the sauce together.

Pour this over the halibut—skin removed, if you wish. With it, just now, serve whole tiny new potatoes, plainly boiled then turned in a little butter.

This is a simple way with meat as simple as only a first-flight chef can devise.

For four people allow four thick bone-and-the-neck veal cutlets, the bones cut fairly short. Scrape the flesh from the bones down towards the "kernels" of meat and remove all skin.

Season the cutlets with salt and paprika, working them well into the meat on both sides. Very gently fry them to a pale gold on both sides, so slowly that the butter does not darken. Transfer the cutlets to a heated dish and keep them warm.

Add a claret glass of dry white wine to the frying-pan and boil it hard, working a fork over the surface of the pan to get off the residue. Add 1/4 pint double cream and cook it for two to three minutes. Add a little butter to the sauce.

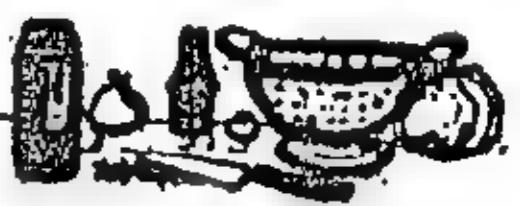
Place the cutlets on a napkin, pour the sauce over them and arrange a sprinkling of sieved hard-boiled egg between each cutlet.

In Mr. Calderoni's kitchen, fresh noodles are made from only flour and eggs, but you can buy noodles. Have them cut as fine as vermicelli. Boil and drain 6 or 8 oz. noodles. Season them. Add a little butter and finely grated Parmesan cheese to taste. Bind with a beaten egg. Make a pancake of the mixture and fry it in butter on both sides.

Cover down closely with buttered greaseproof paper and braise in a moderate oven until the halibut is cooked, which is



Calderoni's Orange Sicilienne is sampled by June Thorburn. Such refreshing vitamins!



Creme Negrina

THIS is Bavarian cream, more than ample for six servings.

Beat together four egg yolks, 1/2 lb. sugar and 2 oz. freshly and finely ground coffee. Meanwhile, have a vanilla pod gently heating in 1 pint Jersey milk. Soffen 1 oz. best quality powdered gelatine in a tablespoon of cold water. Stir the vanilla-flavoured milk into the egg yolk mixture, then work in the softened gelatine.

Very gently heat the lot over a slow fire, working a wooden spoon back and forth along the bottom of the pan until the gelatine is dissolved and the custard coats the back of the spoon.

Only danger here is the possibility of making scrambled eggs which would happen if the heat was too much. The mixture must not boil.

Have your fine sieve resting over a bowl. Pour the custard all at once into it and work it through. Leave it to cool, giving it a stir from time to time. Lastly, throw a quarter whip one pint double cream and fold in three-quarters of it.

Serve in shallow champagne glasses. Whip the remaining cream until stiff enough to pipe tiny rosettes around the edges of each glass. Serve with biscuits, those compact, very dry Italian sponge fingers.

Helen Burke

(London Express Service).

Household Hints

Tartar sauce for fish is made quickly by mixing a teaspoon each of instant minced onion and water. Let stand a few minutes, then add mayonnaise, chopped parsley, pickle relish and a squeeze of lemon or lime juice.

In choosing plastic upholstered furniture, look for fabric-backed plastic for greater durability.

A quick barbecue basting sauce combines 3 ingredients: 1 (12-ounce) bottle hot ketchup, 1/2 cup vinegar and 2 tablespoons Worcester sauce. Makes 1 1/2 cups. Used sauce should be refrigerated.

Put a sprig of parsley into each ice cube of water and freeze. When making soup add one frozen cube or more as desired.

To locate a leak in a gas pipe, brush soap suds on the pipe. The latter will bubble where the gas is escaping.

If boiled eggs get mixed with raw ones, you can separate them by spinning them. Raw eggs will not spin, but cooked ones will twirl like a top.

When doubling a recipe, it is a mistake to try to double the salt or other seasonings also. They should be used sparingly and by taste.

Olamise sirloin steak by searing it flaming. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon butter over thick slices, broil to your family's taste and garnish. The alcohol burns away leaving a delicious flavour.

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 21

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Aries, you are a pioneer, a leader in ideas or action, and will fight for your cause, no matter how severe the opposition. You have a fiery nature and like to dramatise yourself as well as your new ideas. You have musical ability and will probably play some instrument for a hobby; even if you never achieve professional status.

You are impulsive and all too often act before considering the consequences. You also have a high temper which you must learn to control. You often burst out and say things you regret the next moment. But it may take longer than an hour to mend the fences that blow down in the heat of the moment.

Fortunately, you do have a keen sense of humour and you can manage to see the amusing side of life when the "joke is on you". Kind and loving, you are also something of a stern disciplinarian when it comes to having others follow your directions. You usually know what you want and, after directing others carefully, demand that your instructions are followed to the letter. Sometimes these two characteristics get in the way of each other and you seem to lose your sense of humour. Get it back at once; then the problems smooth themselves out much more easily.

Among those born on this date are: Adolph Brodsky, violinist; Johann Sebastian Bach, composer; Florenz Ziegfeld, producer; George Ward, noted theologian.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Seek the spiritual values of this Sunday and enrich your life through a good sermon.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—Take on "dove" part in some community affair and also contribute to your own well-being.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—After your morning "devotions", devote the balance of the day to family affairs.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—A fine day for all your activities. Make the most of excellent aspects at this time.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—Take the "initiative" in some neighbourhood affairs today, and plan your role effectively.

VENUS (Aug. 23-Sept. 21)—Invite friends to your home this evening. Enjoy the company of those with similar views.

LIBRA (Sept. 22-Oct. 21)—A fine family day. Perhaps you can include someone in the circle who is less fortunate than you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22-Nov. 21)—Consider carefully an opportunity offered you. A friend can also further your interests.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—A good day, but don't expect any more out of it than you are willing to put into it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Take an important part in today's special activities. Make it a real family affair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—A pleasant, active day, and you can do a lot for your family.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Expect the unexpected in your work and turn your efforts to the direction you desire.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

BORN today, you have qualities of both the executive and the artist, and each probably will vie for attention. You are a good organiser and are able to combine both social and business advantages favourably. Yet, there is a yearning for some artistic expression and, if you do not pursue one of the arts, be a life profession. It is likely you will be a good teacher.

The stars for you are as a hobby. You cannot be entirely happy unless this side of your nature is given some expression.

You have a kindly and understanding nature. You can analyse the underlying motives of others and at moments of crisis can often give invaluable advice. You never offer it "voluntarily" but when asked, you will give it. If it is not followed, you are unhappy and you will never be persuaded to do it again!

Your ideals are high and you have an earnest ethical sense which makes you always try to do exactly the honourable thing. Your word, once given, is as good or better than another's bond. You can be depended upon to render a service whenever asked to do one. Your love of nature is well developed, and you are happiest when in your own family group. Wed at an early age for the best happiness.

Among those born on this date are: Edith Mason, singer; Robert Milliken, physician; Madison Cawein, poet; Sir Anthony Van Dyke, painter; and John Heslin Clarke, jurist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 23

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—The trades and services are especially favoured today. Act sensibly during evening hours.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—Consider carefully an opportunity offered you. A friend can also further your interests.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—An excellent trend for business profits. Get your rewards for past efforts now.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Fine prospects for the next few days. Since the "most" of opportunities offered now.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—Take advantage of the "most" of opportunities offered now.

VENUS (Aug. 23-Sept. 21)—You have made the most of the past several days, then now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Work hard all day and relax in the evening.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—If you have made the most of the past several days, then now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—Your diplomatic skills bring special dividends today. Be cooperative with others.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Expect the unexpected in your work and turn your efforts to the direction you desire.

LIBRA (Sept. 22-Oct. 21)—Expect the unexpected in your work and turn your efforts to the direction you desire.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22-Nov. 21)—Expect the unexpected in your work and turn your efforts to the direction you desire.

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★ ★ ★ INTRODUCING: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Divorce Chart

LIZ TAYLOR'S
NEXT MARRIAGE
(this time Eddie Fisher).

PROMPTS CLOSE LOOK AT WORLD'S MOST TANGLED LOVE-LIFE

THERE IS no more love-tangled community in the world today than Hollywood, the city inevitably but ironically identified with The Happy Ending. For in that tight, talented but tense American small-town, packed into a few square miles of Californian countryside, divorce is the rule. The happy marriage is the exception.

There is the sadly typical case of Elizabeth Taylor. A star at 12. First married at 18. Now, at 27, she is having her fourth marriage, to singer Eddie Fisher.

What is it about Hollywood that cracks the marriage vows so soon, so often? There is the competition between husbands and wives who put their careers before their personal lives. There are the unnerving, unbalancing effects that come with the sudden big money which stardom brings.

The fact is, Hollywood has made The Happy Ending a cliché. Now so few can live with it as shown here.



IN SEVEN YEARS—THIS SAD SELECTION

1958:

Debbie Reynolds
Eddie Fisher
SEPARATED: He is said to be marrying Elizabeth Taylor.

Betsy Drake
Gary Grant
SEPARATED: After nine years of marriage.

Deborah Kerr
Anthony Bartley
SEPARATED: She has once been in love with screen writer Peter Viertel.

Judy Garland
Sid Luft
SUE alleged that he attempted to strangle her many times. Later they were reconciled.

Esther Williams
Béa Gage
"HE insisted on staying out till four or five in the morning."

Rhonda Fleming
Dr. Lewis Mollin
"HE told me that he was sacrificing his medical career for our marriage."

Phyllis Gates
Rock Hudson
"HE didn't like to dress up."

1957:

Betsy Blair
Gene Kelly
AFTER 10 years of marriage she got a settlement of £100,000.

Elizabeth Taylor
Michael Wilding
MEXICAN divorce: She married Mike Todd.

Ginger Rogers
Jacques Bergerac
SHE said: "I got the silent treatment."

Ava Gardner
Frank Sinatra
"HE said Frank had abandoned their home."

Lana Turner
Lex Barker
SHE said he once tried to force-feed her Sunday breakfast.

1956:

Jayne Mansfield
Paul Mansfield
"HE said I should have been a scrubwoman, not an actress."

Gladys Robinson
Edward G. Robinson
AFTER 30 years: "HE wanted to lead his own life."

Joan Collins
Maxwell Reed
"HE said I had no talent."

1955:

Shelley Winters
Vittorio Gassman
"HE said he was temperamentally unsuited to marriage."

Betty Hutton
Charles O'Curran
"HE had such a violent temper."

Marilyn Monroe
Joe DiMaggio
"HE said: 'I had hoped for love, warmth and affection, but I got coldness and indifference."

1955

Esperanza Bauer
John Wayne
"HE blocked my eye, punched me in the nose, and kicked me."

Dorothy Mature
Victor Mature
"HE would call me up and say 'I'm going to have a house in 15 minutes, and then I wouldn't see him for three days."

1954:

Shelley Winters
Vittorio Gassman
"HE said he was temperamentally unsuited to marriage."

Betty Hutton
Charles O'Curran
"HE had such a violent temper."

Marilyn Monroe
Joe DiMaggio
"HE said: 'I had hoped for love, warmth and affection, but I got coldness and indifference."

1954

Olivia de Havilland
Marcus Goodrich
"I HAD to read it in the newspaper that he had been married four times before."

Susan Hayward
Jess Barker
"HE threw me nude into our swimming pool."

Zsa Zsa Gabor
George Sanders
"HE said I spoilt his fun."

Ingeborg Lorrer
Peter Lorre
AFTER three years' separation.

1952:

Lady Sylvia Ashley
Clark Gable
HE married Kay Williams.

1951:

Nancy Sinatra
Frank Sinatra
SHE SAID: "When he's all through playing, when no one else wants him, I'll take him back." A week later, he married Gardner.

London Express Service.

Maureen O'Hara
William Price
"I LEARNED he had taken an apartment for himself elsewhere."

Olivia de Havilland
Marcus Goodrich
"I HAD to read it in the newspaper that he had been married four times before."

Arlene Dahl
Lex Barker
"HE called me a blick from Minnesota."

Nancy Sinatra
Frank Sinatra
SHE SAID: "When he's all through playing, when no one else wants him, I'll take him back." A week later, he married Gardner.

London Express Service.

* * *

Answer To
"Did It Happen?"
on Page 5.
—Yes.

The cinemas turn down an Oscar hope

PADDY CHAYEFSKY'S searing case-history of a movie star, *The Goddess*, has been nominated for an Oscar in Hollywood; but in England—nearly a year after it was first shown—this bitter, brilliant film has been turned down by the major circuits.

Both the ABC and the Rank chains of cinemas have refused to show it. So the film, which cost £300,000 to make, lies in the vaults of Columbia Pictures in London, collecting dust.

Mike Francovich, managing director of Columbia, told me: "If I can't get it shown by the circuits we stand to lose around £60,000 on it in this country."

"Sure, it's an off-beat picture. But so was *Marty* and so was *On the Waterfront* and the same sort of things were said about them before they were shown."

Worse showing?

Producers these days have to take risks with the kind of films they make. I think we're entitled to expect the cinemas to take a risk in playing them. Lots of worse films are playing around 'em' circuits at the moment."

why she rations her services to the cinema. "The trouble with so many people is that they live on such a grand scale they dare not stop working, poor dears."

THE CENSOR MAY RELENT

There is a chance that Marlon Brando's five-year-old film, *The Wild One*—which has never been generally shown in this country, will now be seen.

Eleven years ago, when censorship was much more stringent than it is today, the film was refused a certificate. Now I understand the film is to be resubmitted to the British Board of Film Censors.

The makers feel that in the five years since the film was first shown, the attitude of the film censors has become so much more adult that today they stand a good chance of getting *The Wild One* passed.

Walt Disney will be coming to Britain next month to produce "Kidnapped", from the Robert Louis Stevenson novel.

American James MacArthur will play the boy, David Balfour—with a Scots accent.

Said the director, Robert Stevenson: "All the other people

A question of accent

will be British—in fact Scots if we can find enough of them to go round."

Mr Disney, who makes films with an eye on the juvenile market, has cut out the only girl who appears briefly in the book.

"The women," I am told, "will all be motherly types."

★ MARK TWAIN'S *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is to be made this summer by MGM, as a musical.

—London Express Service.

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—London Express Service.

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* LIMELIGHT * by THOMAS WISEMAN

Young Mr. Wilde And The Acting Lark

BY setting their growing pains to music, more and more teenagers with fast pulse beats and loud voices are taking the well-trodden short-cut to success.

Making the most of their lack of years and their lack of experience, they tend to become idols before they have become adults. It is a somewhat drastic re-arrangement of the usual chronological order of things.

The mind of such a premature idol may need some searching for, but once discovered it can be interesting to explore.

Mr Marty Wilde is, I am told, a teenage idol. His manager tells me his client may be hired for £1,000 a week or £200 a night. Mr Wilde sings.

As from this week, he also acts. He has been given a part in a film called *Jetstream* which also has Dame Sybil Thorndike in the cast.

Mr Wilde's manager tells me that lots of other film companies are after his client and there seems to be a possibility that he will get the star role in the film of *Expresso Bongo*.

Born Smith

I saw Mr Wilde this week after his first day as an actor. I visited him at his home in the Woolwich Road, East Greenwich, where he lives with his parents. His father drives a number 70 bus from Eltham to Victoria.

Opposite the house in the Woolwich Road where the teenage idol lives — "unspoilt by success" — are two vast posters. One says in black lettering, "The Wages of Sin Is Death"; the other one, in blue lettering, "urges Forward in Freedom With the Conservative Party.

In the living room of his parents' house young Mr Wilde,

who was born with the rather square name of Reginald Smith, stands before the fireplace in his braces, the mallards flying up the contemporary wallpaper behind him and the Hi-Fi recorder going full blast and, making the plaster nymphs on the mantel rock and roll a little.

The idol's mum brings in tea and biscuits; the publicity man who has brought his wife along just for the ride lights everybody's cigarette and Mr Wilde turns down the Hi-Fi a little to make himself heard.

"Bein' an actor — it's just great," he says. "I'm goin' to go for that lark in a big way."

He considers seriously the problem of whether or not it is necessary to have any training to be an actor.

"I wouldn't say I need to have lessons, and I wouldn't say I didn't. What I'm goin' to have are some elocution lessons to make me speak properly."

"I can put on a posh voice if I want to, but I want to pronounce better, you know? Not lah-di-dah or that, but just so I speak clear, you know? Seen? I'm goin' to be in the limelight now."

"That's where the money is — films. That's goin' to be my biggest source of income now. It's goin' to knock out all the others. Yes, that's right, I make around a thousand quid a week now."

"What do I do with it all? Well, it just seems to go. You know 'ow it is. I don't live grand sort of life. I don't like to escape from the sort of boy I was. I still need my parents' guidance."

The publicity man smiles apreciably.

"I wouldn't want a flat of me own," he says, "I wouldn't want to move into a class area. Wouldn't feel at home there. I'd like a nice bathroom."

"I make people happy," he said, "and that's worth anything. What brightens me is

that money will spoil my personality. I can't stand big heads, I wouldn't want to be called a big head. Lots of people tell you how marvellous you are and all that, but you got to dive into yourself to decide if I treated me very nice."

"Maybe in another two years the fans wouldn't want to be with me none but I'd still go on 'cause if I couldn't sing I wouldn't want to be on this earth."

"Singin' — it gives you well, you get kicks. It's like a drug like when you're out there on the stage and the kids are screaming for you. It's like a drug. It's like you can really let go."

"Fr'instance if you're unhappy you can let it all go in the music. I imagine love must come up to that. Can't say it does. I never been in love, but that's what I imagine."

"Most of the girls I know to go out with are in show-business, but I don't go for these starlet types, not for keeps. Oh they're great to go out with and they're not dumb like people say."

But the sort of girl I'd go for is an ordinary girl like a girl I saw at the studio who brought the tea, a girl like that. I don't have much time to date but if I did have time that's the sort of girl I'd go for, not actresses. They're too full of themselves."

I asked Mr Wilde whether he thought he deserved to earn £1,000 a week. He shifted his elbow from the mantel to the top of the tiny bar which had been erected in a corner of the sitting room. His framed photographs stared back at him from all around the crowded room.

"I make people happy," he said, "and that's worth anything. What brightens me is

thing, it's like Dame Sybil

Starlets—No!

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Even Havelock was jealous in the end

THE
BOOK
PAGE

By George Malcolm Thomson

HALEOCK ELLIS. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Hart-Davis. 30s.

SEX was a Victorian invention. Before that it was called Love and was deemed one of the more amiable of frailties. Then Havelock Ellis arrived.

He was a typical Victorian rebel, brave, high-minded, sincere and deficient in humour.

One day in Australia, where he had gone as a youth, the revelation came to him that he should become a doctor.

By this young man, son of a sea-captain and an all-too-affectionate mother, meant that he should devote himself to the liberating mankind from ancient prejudices about sex.

Dangerous

Havelock had been reading the work of a "shifty prophet" named James Hinton who preached free love and practised what he preached.

It might be thought that Havelock was hardly the man to don Hinton's mantle for he was to put it moderately—not one of the world's great lovers.

However, owing to his disability, of which Calder-Marshall gives a kindly but explicit account, Ellis proved to be a source of comfort and strength to many.

The more difficult cases he sent on to his friend Edward Carpenter. A dangerous game,

graphy for profit and discovered that he was really Georg von Weissenfeld who had fled from Germany after forcing a quiet life.

Detectors traced him to a house in Cambridge where, behind a secret panel, Weissenfeld was disclosed, a revolver in his hand.

A detective struck the weapon from his grasp and in less than a minute he was handcuffed.

Then he asked for a glass of water, took one sip and fell dead.

Ellis always thought that the publication of his book was the one disinterested act in this crook's life but—Ellis was the pornographic publisher's dream of an author, a man so pure at heart that he could provide the impetus for fare far richer than that of a conscious pornographer."

The sentimental life of this prophet was as unsatisfactory as might be expected. He attacked Olive Schreiner, a novelist "who never needed to drink because she was always in the sort of state that other people get into after a bottle of champagne."

Obviously the affair was not likely to prosper. Then he was married, uneventfully, to Edith Ellis. At last to his own great surprise, he found himself with a Frenchwoman named Françoise.

The farcical comedy of Ellis's love life is told by Calder-Marshall with immense tact and humour. It's most wryly amusing (such occasions when Françoise took another lover, Hugh de Saligncourt, and Ellis the spouse of free love, behaved like any normal, jovial man).

Ellis had been dubious about her. The police were not. They believed that he was simply interested in peddling pornography.

One sip....

Bedborough put all the blame on Dr Roland de Villiers of the so-called Watford University Press, a "large, gentle, fleshy man with something of the aspect and the mobility of a cat."

Ellis had been dubious about him. The police were not. They believed that he was simply interested in peddling pornography.



Massacre In The Mud—Who Holds The Blame?

By MILTON SHULMAN

In Flanders Fields. By Leon Wolff. Longmans. 25s.

NOT least among the debris washed up by the aftermath of war are the sad skeletons of shattered ideals and men's reputations.

With the whitened bones of the Second World War almost picked clean by the memoirs and the histories, it was perhaps only natural that writers would turn again to the First World War for a masochistic re-examination of man's idiocy to man.

In Flanders Fields is a brilliant analysis and superbly written description of the relentless inevitability by which 125,000 British soldiers died in a few months of 1917 trying to win some four miles of worthless terrain near Passchendaele.

General Sir Lanoe Kiggell, Haig's Chief of Staff, paid his first visit to the battlefield after the fighting was at its height. His staff car became stuck in the mud and swamped. Kiggell burst into tears and muttered, "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?" The man beside him replied tonelessly, "It's worse further up."

As the British walked, some seemed to pause and bow their heads, they sank carelessly to their knees, they rolled over without haste and then lay quietly in the soft, almost congealing mud," writes Mr Wolff. "Others yelled when they were hit, and grabbed frantically at limbs or torso, and rolled

Postponed has already gone a long way towards apportioning the blame for these deaths which, as Mr Wolff says, will forever haunt Western civilisation.

On the one hand were the military troglodytes like Haig,

Robertson, Joffre and Nivelle—well-meaning but unimaginative, baffled by a war where the horse was useless the bullet was supreme, victories were impossible, and wishful thinking was the backbone of every strategic plan.

On the other hand was Lloyd George, contemptuous of the military minds whose advice he had to take, but too impatient to override their more sensible adventures, without jeopardising his political career.

In the end, he allowed ambition to master his scruples.

Step by step, this book leads us along the chain of rationalisations that brought needless death to so many. Was blood-

letting on such a scale the only way to win this war? Without excusing the follies of Haig, it also makes us remember that Ludendorff in 1918 did not learn much from the massacre in Flanders in 1917. His final offensive, which lost the war, cost the Germans no fewer than 350,000 men in 13 weeks.

NOTHING

If there is any meagre consolation to be gleaned out of this terrible inventory of crimes and blunders, it is that it left the world no longer in awe of the omniscience of the military mind.

Ten million men died in a war that "had meant nothing, solved nothing, and proved nothing." Life was still cheap in the Second World War—but not that cheap.

—(London Express Service).

BOOKSHELF BRIEFS

SMALL TOWN D.A. Robert Travler. Faber. 15s. Robert

Travler is the pen name of the American judge and former District Attorney who wrote the best-selling documentary novel, *Anatomy of a Murder*.

He uses the same formula in his new book—a collection of documentary short stories or, as he puts it, "my experiences and observations in court and out during my 14 tumultuous years as D.A."

The stories are gay, dramatic, sentimental. As before, law and sex combine to make easy reading. Once again English readers will raise their eyebrows at

—(London Express Service).

BAFFLED

LAST NIGHT THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED BUT I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING AS I WAS A SLEEP.



DADDY SAID LET'S GO EYE SKATING IN THE LAKE SO MOMMY BUNDLED ME UP. ONLY INSTEAD OF PAPER BAGS SHE USED CLOTHES.



WHEN WE GOT THERE THE WHOLE TOP OF THE LAKE WAS FROZEN STIFF & EVERY BODY WAS RUNNING AROUND ON IT LOOKING FOR HOW TO GET IN THE WATER SO THEY COULD GO SWIMMING.



SO I GOT A CHANCE TO FINALLY USE MY EYE SKATES & THAT SANTA CLAWS LEFT ON XMAS & THEY WORKED EVEN BETTER THAN ON THE RUG.

* WHICH IS LIKE SHOES WITH A KNIFE ON THE SOUL.

DADDY SLIPPED & FELL IN A SNOW BANK WHICH IS A PLACE WHERE THEY KEEP SNOW INSTEAD OF MONEY. SO THEN WE WENT HOME.

ICE TURNS VERY SLIPPERY IN THE WINTER WHETHER IT'S HARD OR SOFT.

THREE WAS A MAN WHO WAS DOING HIS LESSONS BY WRITING 8'S ALL OVER THE LAKE. I GUESS HE COULDN'T FORD A HOME WORK BOOK.

I THINK DADDY MUST BE PLAYING INDIAN IN HIS ROOM AS HE'S RAPPED IN A BLANKET & HIS FACE IS ALL RED. ONLY MOMMY SAYS I CAN'T PLAY WITH HIM BECAUSE HE'S CATCHING.

ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN WHEN YOU GO EYE SKATING YOUR NOSE GETS RED YOUR HANDS GET WHITE & YOUR LIPS GET BLUE. SO YOU SHOULD GO SKATING OFF IN AS IT'S VERY PATRIOTIC. YOUR FRIEND JACKIE.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Summer Time Brings A Radio Change

An early morning show, a jazz magazine and new record programmes—classical and popular—will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong next week.



Aileen Dekker

(Broadcasting on frequency 880 kilocycles per second.)

TODAY

12.30 P.M. ROMANCE IN MUSIC AND SONG.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 PRESENTED BY BILL DORWARD.
3.00 THE BIG STAFF.
A Play for Radio by Frederick Wimond, Part 7: "Some Old Telling".
3.30 WE SING FOR YOU.
1.00 MUSIC FOR TEATIME.
Stanley Black and his Orchestra.
4.00 MUSIC FOR TEATIME.
Castaway—John Lau, presented by Ted Thomas.
4.15 UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Nancy Wise.
Calling—Hongkong Signals.
5.00 THE ROMANCE OF MUSIC.
EDMUNDO SOS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
6.00 A PROGRAMME OF LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC.
CASTAWAY'S CHOICE.
This Week—Castaway—John Lau, presented by Ted Thomas.
6.15 WEATHER REPORT.
TIME SIGNAL: THE NEWS.
COMMENTARY.
7.15 THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
INVITATION TO MUSIC.
Spectre de l'Amour—Invitation (Lili Darvas, Op. 65), (Weber, Berlin)—The New Symphony Orchestra, cond. by Anatoli Fokoulevich—The Concertgebouw Orchestra, cond. by Edward Van Beurum.
8.45 SATURDAY STORY.
Written by V. J. Levitt, read by Ray Fey.
WEATHER REPORT.
THE SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS.
LATE NIGHT FINAL.
Presented by Nick Kendall.
10.30 THEATRE REPORT.
RACING, THE GRAND NATIONAL.
Comments by Raymond Glaenemann, Peter O'Sullivan, Michael O'Doherty, and Robert Hayes—Anita, by Claude Allaire.

Comments by Rex Aston and Bill McLaren on the 2nd half of the International Match at Twickenham. On request—JAZZ—John.
11.30 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
THEATRE REPORT & PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.15 SUNDAY STRING BONG.
WEATHER REPORT.
THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

8.15 a.m. BOUNDABOUT.
B. D. C. BANDSTAND.
Gilbert Vinter and the Concert Band.

8.45 MUSIC FOR MUSIC.
Freddy Albers (Harp).

8.50 CELEBRATION OF MASS.
From St. Joseph's Church, Macpherson Road, May, Fahey, MCM. CORDIALS 8.50.

11.30 MUSICAL MOMENTS.
Very Spring Feeling Love (M. Moore) and Music of May (M. Moore)—Richard Elzner playing the Organ of the John Hay Hammond Museum, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

11.30 a.m. FOLKSONGS.
Peter Fens (Tenor), with the Folk Ensemble, Hongkong.

11.30 a.m. MUSIC MAGAZINE.
Edited by Aileen Dekker.

1.00 MUSIC WITH KURT MEIER AT THE PIANO.
WEATHER REPORT.

1.15 THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

1.30 AKTIR BHAW AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

1.30 HOME AND HOSPITAL REPORTS.

1.30 JAZZ CONCERT.

1.30 THE NEWS & HOME NEWS.

1.30 THE ROMANCE OF MUSIC.
LAM (JURKIN) ORCHESTRA OF PARIS.

1.30 THE ROMANCE OF MUSIC.
D. B. D. C. BANDSTAND, Section No. 1, D. Major, Op. 11, Arctic

Tonight's change to summer time heralds the start of a whole set of new programmes and the return of many favourites.

For the Monday morning breakfast hour Ted Thomas will present a complete miscellany of voices and sounds in "Toast with Ted" from 8.15 until 9.00. Jazz trumpeter, Colin Stuart, one of the foremost authorities on the subject, brings back "Jazz Club", in which he discusses the music and musicians of jazz in all its many forms and also plays requests for listeners.

Tuesday evening's broadcasting starts with a new disc show presented by a new voice, Rowland Evans, recently of Radio Malaya.

These two irrepressible chatboxes, Nick Kendall and Bill Dorward, come together each Wednesday evening in a new double disc date called "Nights on the Round Table", and following this at 9 p.m. there will be a live recital in "From the Concert Hall", in which local and international artists will broadcast regularly.

"Pictures in Music" is the title of a new record programme in which Gillian Durding will talk about the moods created by various styles and atmosphere of selected pieces.

Music Magazine

Tomorrow at 12.30 Radio Hongkong revives a fortnightly series that has had two previous very popular runs, "Music Magazine".

The producer in this series will be Aileen Dekker, who con-

tinues the classical request programme "Music Lovers' Hour" for some years.

Aileen Dekker has invited as contributors to the opening lesson of "Music Magazine", Ernst Gottschalk, who will give an illustrated programme note on the works in the Sunday Concerts for that evening. W. B. Foster, director of music for the Hongkong Police, who will talk, helped by some of his bandmen on "What to listen for in the playing of Wind Instruments".

Critic Castaway

China Mail writer, John Luff, is the latest hapless castaway to be stranded on the studio island of Radio Hongkong's "Castaway's Choice" at 7.00 tonight, when, as well as putting on his selection of music, he will discuss with Ted Thomas his varied and interesting career.

World Theatre

World Theatre on Monday evening features the Henrik Ibsen play, "Hedda Gabler".

The plot concerns the story of a woman whose situation has become such that she sees as perfectly credible the possibility of killing herself through sheer boredom.

The main role, that of Hedda Gabler, played by Peggy Ashcroft, is regarded as one of the truly great performances in the field of radio drama.

Good Friday

To mark Good Friday this week, Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting a BBC programme called " Stations of the Cross" a

service from the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Birmingham, which was recorded earlier by the BBC and will be broadcast at 8.30 a.m.

At 10 a.m. listeners can hear "The Passion" by Haydn, played by the Haydn Orchestra and narrated by Peter Coker.

At 10.30 a.m. "A LIFE OF BLISS" presented by Gillian Durding.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.15 TIME SIGNAL & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHTIME FROM THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.

2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

2.30 FOR THE VERY YOUNG." Compiled and produced by Mavis.

3.45 MUSIC FROM OTHER LANDS.

4.00 DOUBLE CONCERTO.

4.15 WEATHER REPORT.

4.15 TIME SIGNAL & THE NEWS.

4.15 WORLD THEATRE.

4.30 BBC BANDSTAND.

4.45 RAY ELLINGTON AND HIS QUARTET.

4.50 MUSIC FROM THE WEEKLY.

4.55 WEATHER REPORT.

4.55 TIME SIGNAL & THE NEWS.

4.55 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

5.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Presented by Nick Kendall.

5.30 THEATRE REPORT.

5.30 RACING, THE GRAND NATIONAL.

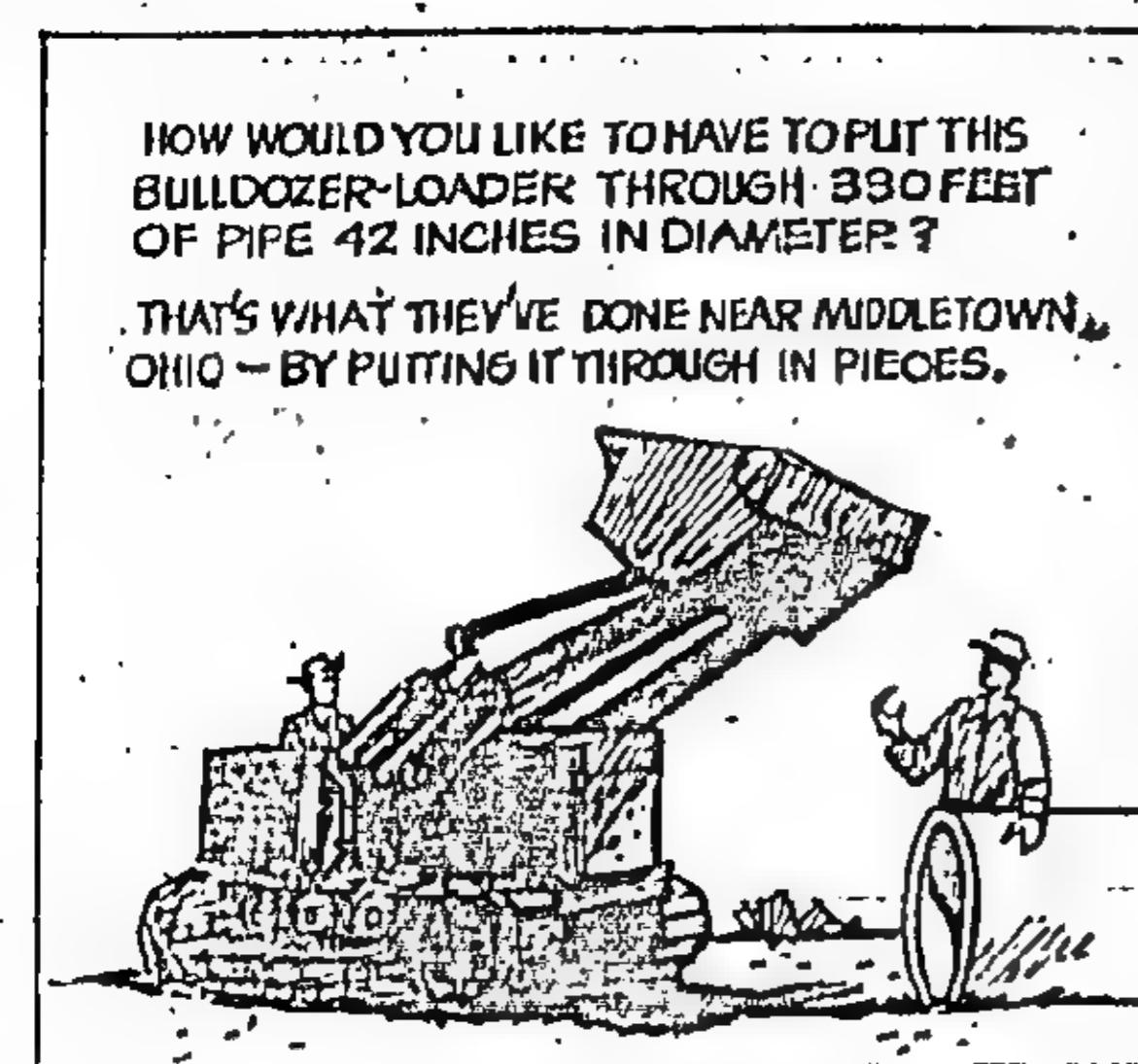
Comments by Raymond Glaenemann, Peter O'Sullivan, Michael O'Doherty, and Robert Hayes.

5.30 JAZZ CONCERT.

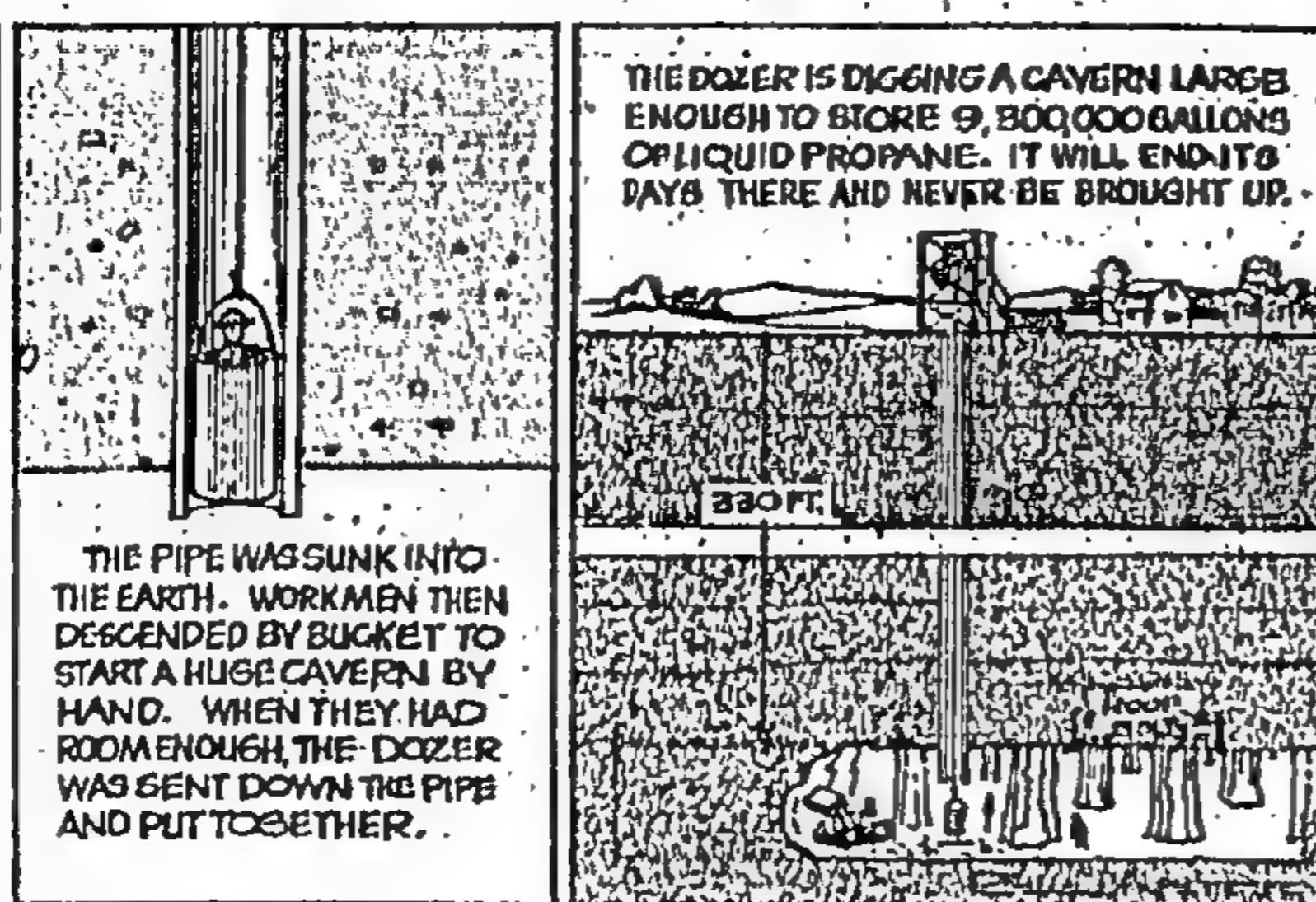
5.30 SUNDAY CONCERT.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

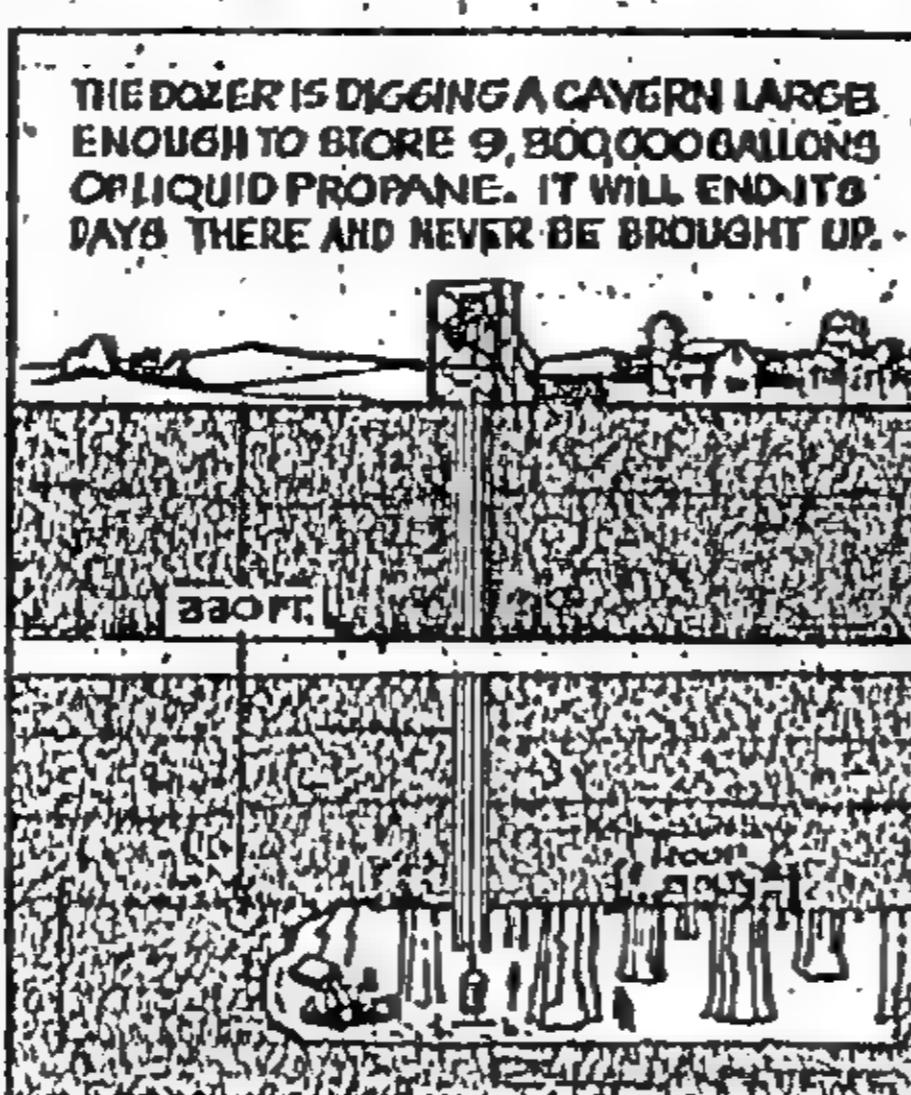
How A Bulldozer Is 'Squeezed'



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE TO PUT THIS BULLDOZER-LOADER THROUGH 330 FEET OF PIPE 42 INCHES IN DIAMETER? THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE DONE NEAR MIDDLETOWN, OHIO - BY PUTTING IT THROUGH IN PIECES.



THE PIPE WAS SUNK INTO THE EARTH. WORKMEN THEN DESCENDED BY BUCKET TO START A HUGE CAVERN BY HAND. WHEN THEY HAD ROOM ENOUGH, THE DOZER WAS SENT DOWN THE PIPE AND PUT TOGETHER.



THE DOZER IS DIGGING A CAVERN LARGE ENOUGH TO STORE 9,000,000 GALLONS OF LIQUID PROPANE. IT WILL END UP THERE AND NEVER BE BROUGHT UP.

Easter Recipes For You

Time For Breakfast

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for breakfast, Mary Ellen."

Mary Ellen sleepily crept under the blankets.

At nine o'clock, Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for breakfast."

Mary Ellen slowly put on her bathrobe and went to the bathroom. She washed her face and hands and brushed her teeth.

At ten o'clock, Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for breakfast."

Mary Ellen put on one shoe, one sock and her blouse.

At eleven o'clock, Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for breakfast."

Mary Ellen put on the other shoe, the other sock and her blouse.

At twelve o'clock, Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for lunch."

MARY ELLEN, IT'S TIME TO GET UP!



She put a hamburger and carrots-on-a-plate and a glass of milk beside it.

Mary Ellen took out a book to read.

At one o'clock Mary Ellen came into the kitchen. But in the meantime, her dog had eaten her hamburger and carrots. Her cat had spilled her milk and was lappling it up.

At two o'clock Mary Ellen's mother started to make a new hamburger. A friend came to visit Mary Ellen. Mary Ellen went outside to play.

At three o'clock Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for lunch." But Mary Ellen was riding her bike.

At four o'clock Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for lunch," but Mary Ellen had fallen off her bike and was washing the scratch with soap and water.

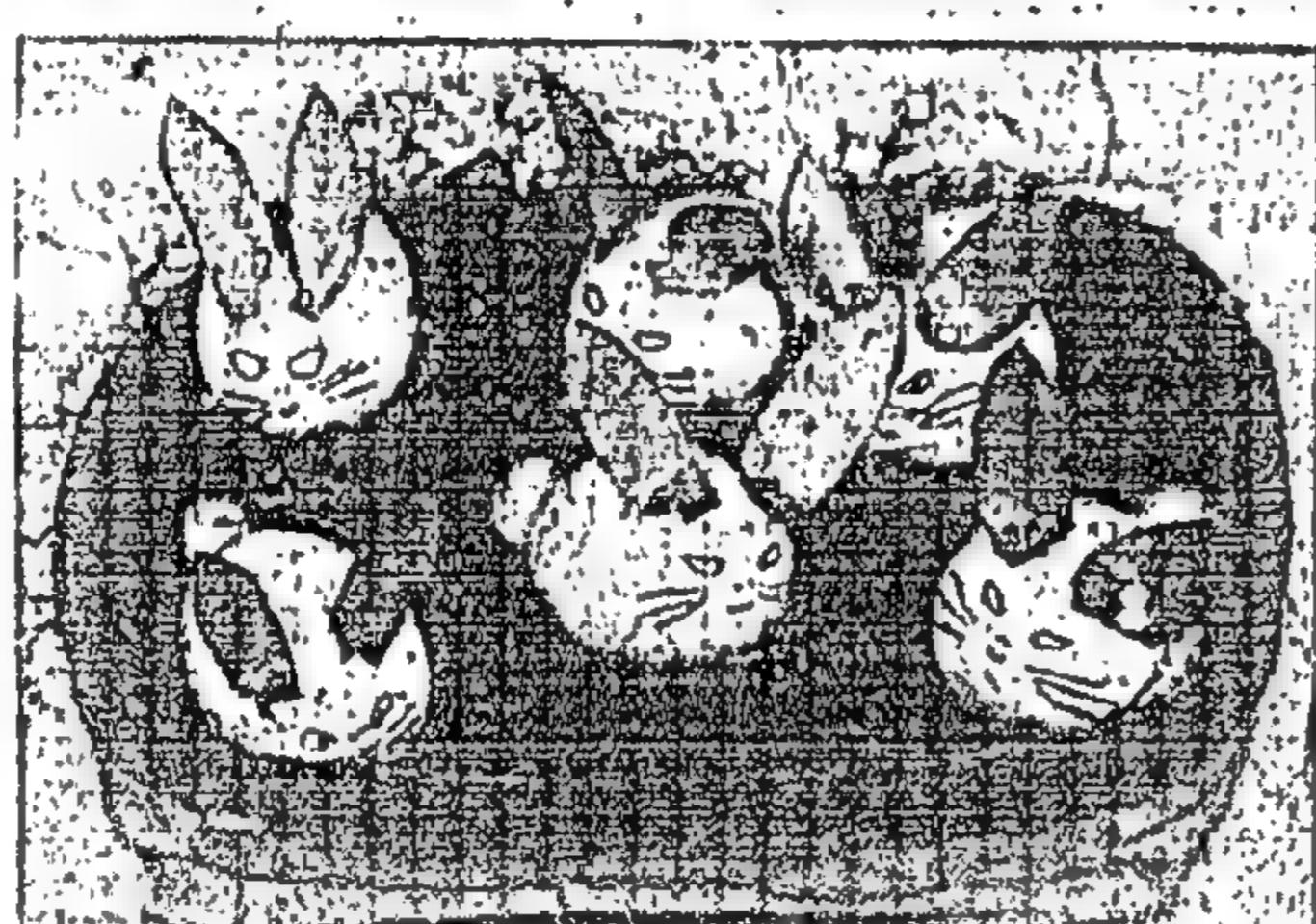
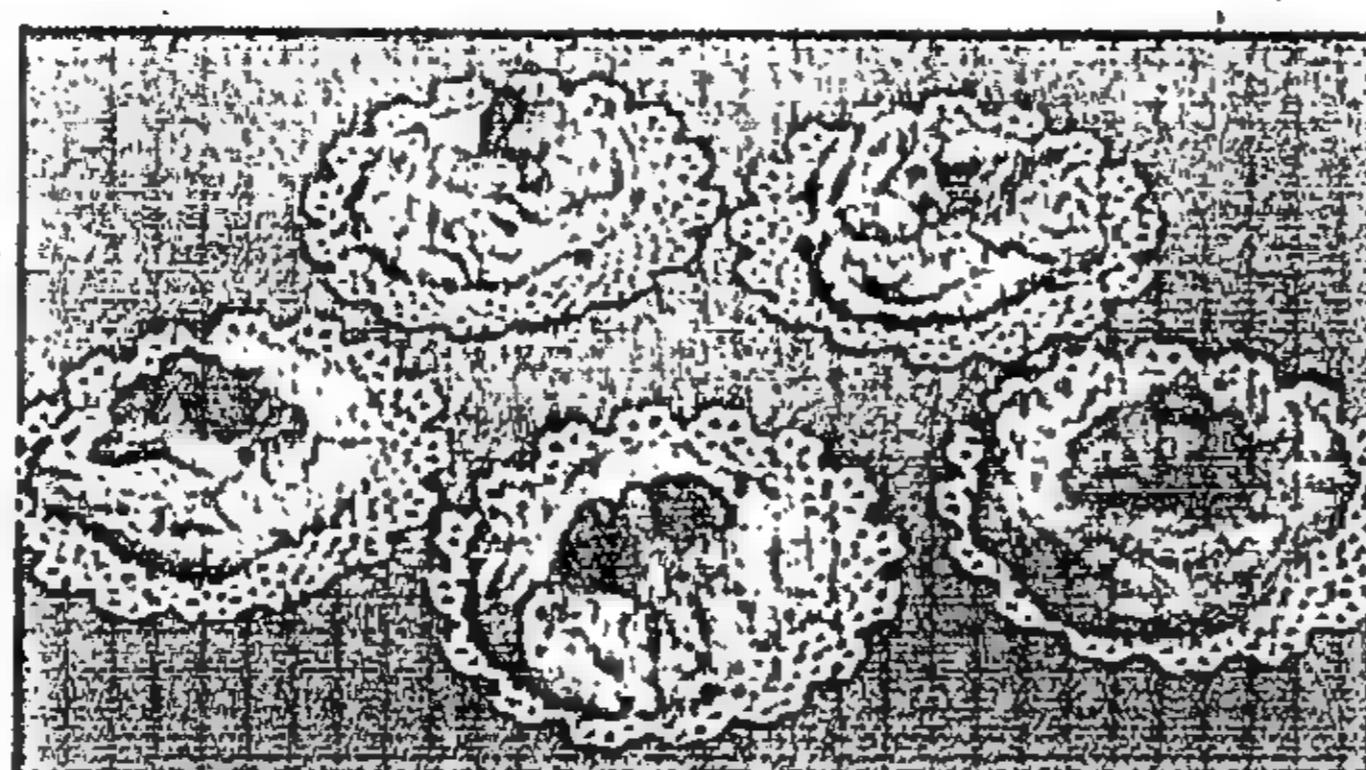
At five o'clock Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for lunch," but Mary Ellen was looking at her favorite television programme.

At six o'clock Mary Ellen's mother called, "It's time for dinner."

"Dinner!" Mary Ellen exclaimed coming into the kitchen. "I haven't eaten any breakfast or lunch yet." She looked at the nicely browned roast beef and the creamy white mashed potatoes in her plate.

"This is topsy-turvy. Roast beef is a funny thing to eat to start off the day. Tomorrow I'll start with my cereal and eggs." She shook her head. "Breakfast should come at breakfast time and not at six o'clock at night."

MIRIAM GILBERT



Easy-to-make "bunny nests" will delight friends.

Things To Do In Your Spare Time

SPOOL DOLL

1. Paint a large WOODEN or CARDBOARD SPOOL like this...

2. KNOT TOGETHER 3 SHORT STRANDS OF COLORED YARN AND PUT IT IN THE HOLE OF A LARGE ROUND WOODEN BEAD.

3. CLUE THE BEAD TO THE SPOOL WITH CASEINGUE.

4. Glue short pieces of WOODEN MATCHSTICKS to the spool for arms.

5. Glue more short pieces of match stick to the bottom for feet.



Let's Look For Things

YOUNG SCIENTISTS often are lucky enough to live in a location which feeds both their curiosity and their eagerness to learn. But it is not only luck when they notice the world around them.

Thousands of youngsters may walk daily over rocks full of fossilized remains, and yet never once stop to wonder and try to find out what is underneath. Not so with two 17-year-olds who won national recognition in the Annual Science Talent Search.

Sonia Ruth Anderson of Omaha, Neb., and David Bachrach Adams of Neodesha, Mo., are both lucky in that they live in regions where the upper layers of the rock formations are rich in traces of living creatures embedded there millions of years ago.

Sonia has been collecting Nebraska fossilized rocks since she was 10. But the real labour began when she started to classify them.

First you have to clean off the limestone with file and acid.

Then you have to get your



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN OLD FOSSIL TO LIKE FOSSIL COLLECTING.

IT'S FUN TO DIG FOR THE REMAINS OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS THAT LIVED ON THE EARTH MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.

reference books and study and compare. Sometimes you have to make careful drawings of the fossilized object from various angles. Then you send them to a scientist at a far away university in the hope that he may help identify the specimen.

Sonia has done all these things, and she now has a classified collection of over 42 eastern Nebraska fossils found mostly along the Missouri River basin.

David found that the very hill on which he lived was full of fossil remains.

He built up a collection of around 2,500 specimens and made it his project to identify and classify them.

He found that there were very few descriptions of the ancient local fauna in existence.

David had to compare his specimens with descriptions of the fauna of that era in other parts of the country.

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Such "incidents" are no re-

specions of sex, as pretty tanned

Ted Licas, the riding lady, can tell you. She can't bend her wrist. Her left arm is two inches shorter than her right.

But none of these things hold the rodeo performers back. Ted

is the annual steer-roping

contest at Laramie, Wyoming.

And there are 700 inde-

pendent rodeos. The idea is

to try out at as many as you

can.

Add also candle, and the ex-

ception of your horse.

Does a real rodeo worry? Not very much. What's to keep him from winning? Bill Linderman, from out in Montana, recently piled up \$30,700. Jerry Ambler, of Glenwood, Wash., picked up \$12,000.

Al Garrett, the all-around

cowboy from Alliance, Neb.,

worked in '51 shows one year,

at a cost to himself of almost

\$300. He won in some, but lost

in as many others that he had

to sell my dogies to get back

home."

A loss of this sort is really

nothing compared with the risk

of getting with even more per-

sonal possessions like an arm, a

finger or a toe. Dick Griffith,

Number 1 bare rider, has broken

bones in both feet, both ankles,

a thigh, a hip, shoulder and col-

lumbo.

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YOUR PUZZLE

CORNER

Let's try some sports puzzles.

SPORTS REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden four sports in his rebus. Find them by using the words and pictures to best advantage.



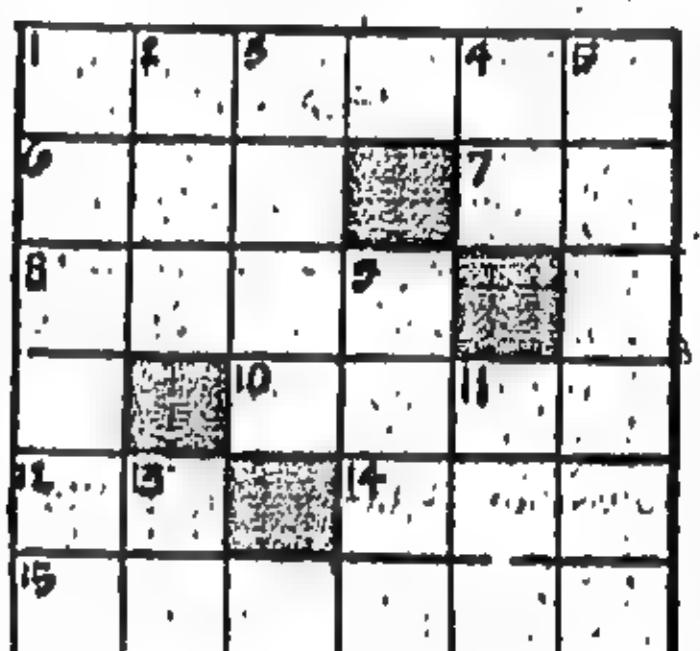
HIDDEN REBUS

Each of these sentences contains a sport, but each sport may be part of different words. Puzzle Pete says, you'll find their names in rotation. Can you?

The prince said: "Rise up, O, lily slave."

We saw a drab owl in green surroundings.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Kind of sport
- 2 Shoshonean Indian
- 3 Thus
- 4 Girl's name
- 5 Horse racing, for instance
- 6 East River (ab.)
- 10 Term in the sport of throwing horseshoes

DOWN

- 1 Cross country
- 2 Dined
- 3 Scotoman, for instance
- 4 Nova Scotia (ab.)
- 5 This sportman uses fees
- 6 Breathing organ
- 11 Scottish sheepfold
- 13 Rhode Island (ab.)

MIXED-UP SPORTS

Rearrange the letters in each strange word to form the name of a sport.

SHLURED SHIN FIG CAB LIST IONA GAIN CONE

TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete has suspended his word triangle from the sport of TENNIS. The second word is "TENNIS", the third word is "INDIANS"; third names of players in a baseball team"; fourth "born" and fifth "exists". Can you finish the triangle from this clue?

TENNIS

E
N
T
T
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N
N
I
S
S

After some minutes Uncle Bruno still seems very shaken to Mrs. Sheep tells Rupert to go for help.

"When a doctor is in he needs another doctor to see him," she says. "It's the same that you Uncle has travelled too far to see him with wings indeed! He wants to go."

"Good, long rest. You'd better ask Dr.

Our England is a garden

ONLY a few years passed before the early English settlers in Hongkong took time to muse upon the possibility of glorious garden planted upon the wild infertile slope above the City of Victoria.

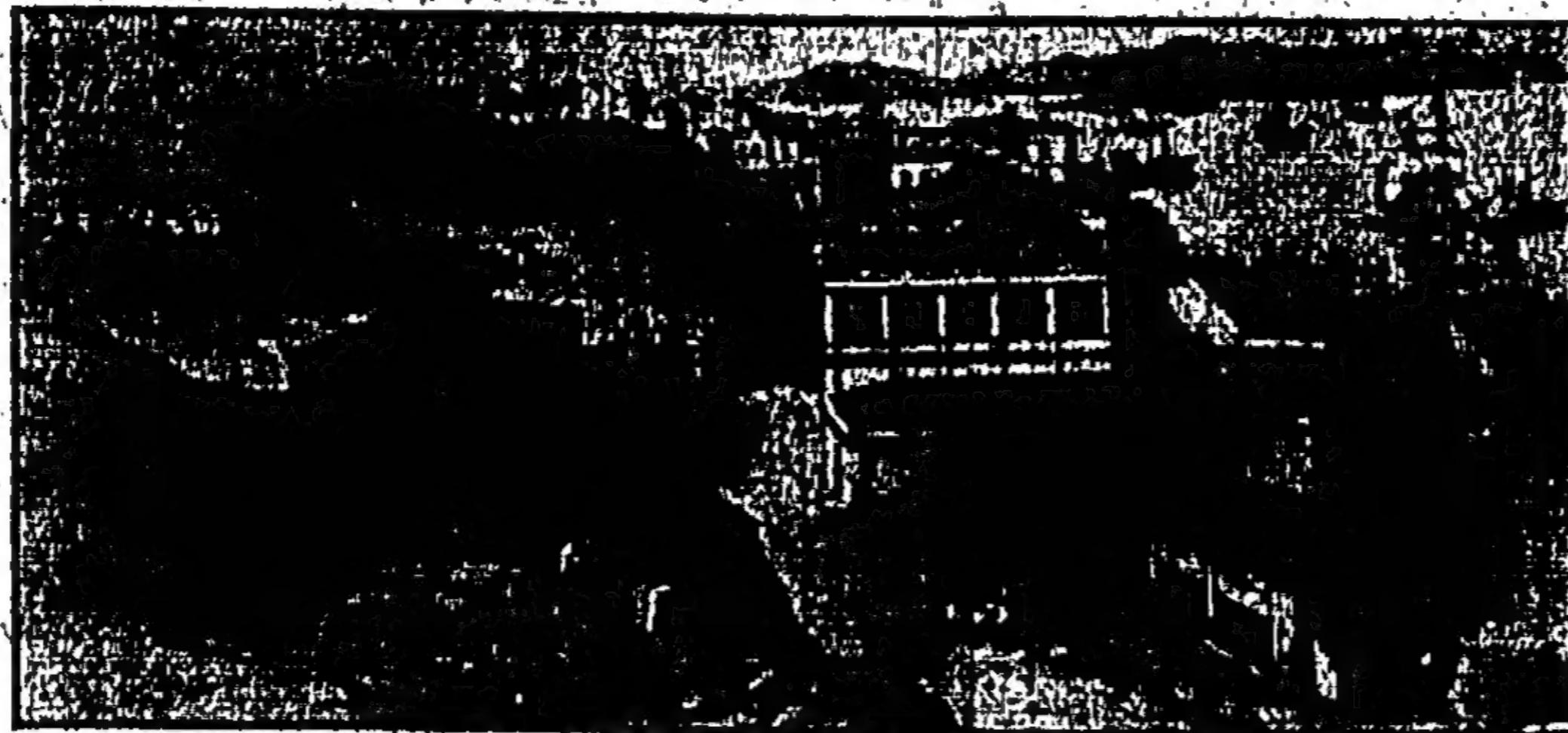
It was on August 8, 1848 that the local branch of the Royal Asiatic Society held a meeting at which a paper was read by Dr Gutzlaff, the practical Pomeranian Medical Missionary who so closely identified himself with British interests in the East.

Addressing himself to problems as wide and varied as public gardens and pirates, he was chosen as the spokesman to address the meeting on "The Advantages of Establishing a Public Garden."

At that point, a Committee was formed to enquire into the questions of a site, the likely cost, and the possibility of giving their ideas concrete form.

The idea certainly caught on. For once all the residents found that the one thing they wanted was a garden. The next step was the obvious one of approaching Government to discover what aid, practical and otherwise would be forthcoming. Government did not keep them waiting long. The Governor, Sir S. G. Bonham simply told them that Government had no money for such a plan. This stopped the committee right in their tracks.

It was not until the sixties that the idea came up again. The Surveyor General's Department were laying out Government House Grounds. The idea



Queen's Road and the harbour, looking west from Murray Battery (above Battery Path). This is a reproduction of a drawing by Mr. M. Bruce, a former Hongkong architect, and was sketched in 1846.

gather withdrawn from the nominal control of the Surveyor General.

Followers, and the Advisory Committee were still for putting up a light.

The interposition of the latter officer as an organ of communication with the Government may have been necessary when the person in charge of the Public Gardens and Planting was a person so uneducated and of generally inferior personal

followers, and the Advisory Committee were still for putting up a light.

The battle raged so fiercely

that London got to hear about it. A report of the whole thing was printed, but as I have hitherto pointed out, the boys conducted their battles with such candid comments on the characters of each other that when Government published a history of the encounter in October 1, 1870, the whole thing looked pretty libellous, one way and another.

At any rate, London perused it for about two years, and the Secretary of State ordered it to be cancelled, February 15, 1881. However, just before the Gazette was distributed, Mr. Ford won back his office and the management of the Botanic Gardens and the Government Plantations were again placed under a Superintendent.

This recent talk about having a zoo in Hongkong is interesting because at one time, there was quite a pretentious zoo in the Botanic Garden.

In 1876, someone presented some monkeys, so a monkey house was built. This was followed by an aviary.

In its heyday, there were deer and bears, and particular reference to a Siamese honey-bear, and a plug-ugly Siberian bear who seems to have given quite a lot of trouble.

It only remains to mention that at one time, there was a probability of Happy Valley becoming the site of a Public Garden. In fact, the Hongkong Telegraph, May 10, 1881, mentioned it in commenting upon the development of Happy Valley.

"We submit to the Government that the race course at Wongnichong could, at a comparatively trifling outlay, be converted into one of the finest recreation grounds in the Far East."

"It requires merely to be developed in some parts and a few necessary provisions made for its necessary drainage."

At present, Wongnichong Valley is a nasty swamp rampant with malignant fever. In the morning dense mists rise from its boggy soil.

By a little care and at very slight expense it could be converted into a noble park and recreation ground where cricket, lawn tennis, and other sports and amusements could be carried on under the most favourable auspices."

On March 10, 1883, the same paper makes reference to the inauguration ceremony at which Sir George Bowen cut the first sod. I take it the reporter is referring to the earth.

Government intended calling this place, Bowen Park, but the public, for some reason or other, objected. At any rate, the name fell into disuse.

With the passing of the years, the park-like aspect of the district has disappeared altogether. Even in comparatively few years, it was fairly rural, but now it is almost as dwelling, locked as the White City.

No doubt, the more commercial and prosaic Queen's Road, off

the airways were rebuilt, a

few years ago, and the last time

I was in the Gardens both public and birds seemed to be

enjoying themselves.

Up to October 20, 1882, among

the many attractions of the

Botanic Gardens were the moonlight performances by regimental bands, the Buffs, particularly

being mentioned.

Unfortunately, what with the

moonlight and the music, many

of the audience became too

romantically-minded, so the

moonlight performances were

shifted to the Cricket Ground.

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Public Enclosure at Happy Valley is being loaned to the Hong Kong Kennel Club for a Dog Show on Sunday, 22nd March, 1959. These premises will be closed to Members at 10.00 a.m. on Sunday. The Badminton Courts will be closed all Friday, 20th, Saturday, 21st and Sunday, 22nd March.

During the Show, the Private Boxes, Dining Room, Bar and Ladies' Lounge will be open and reserved for the use of the Members of the Jockey Club.

The charges for admission are \$4.50 for adults and \$1.20 for Service personnel in uniform and children under 16. Entrance to the Show will be by the Public Entrance only.

Members of the Jockey Club, who wish to make use of the Club rooms, must wear their Member's Badge, otherwise they will not be admitted thereto.

By Order,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hongkong, 19th Mar., 1959.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

10TH (EASTER) RACE MEETING

Saturday 28th and Monday 30th March, 1959.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 24 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Title will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$48.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguilar Street during office hours.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the last race on 30th March, 1959 and Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby rescheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices at:

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguilar Street, Hong Kong on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 21st March 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday 28th March and Monday 30th March 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 21st March 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 21st March, 1959.

BETTER BUY BRAEMAR!

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FINEST
KNITWEAR

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Sole Agents: Fielding, Brown & Finch (Far East), Ltd.



- Removes harmful bacteria Chlorine, Chlorophyll, organic odors, color, and bad tastes caused by soluble salts.
- Removes all suspended matter simplifying brilliantly clean delicious, palatable water.
- Removes Toxins produced by bacteriological decomposition and putrefaction.
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- Used for babies formula water. Indispensable for kidney disease and gastritis.

(Answers on Page 19)

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NO-COME RIGHT IN YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?
THE COMMERCIAL OR B.C.T.
Carlsberg
Beer
at
its best

Calcutta Cup Rugby Preview

CAN SCOTLAND BREAK THE TWICKENHAM HOODOO TODAY?

By JOHN COTTRILL

Nine years ago, Scotland gained a two-point victory over England at Murrayfield. They have not won the Calcutta Cup again since then, and their post-war record against England is the most dismal in the International Championship.

But last season Scotland came nearest to humbling the champions, and this year they have conquered Wales, the first country to defeat England since 1950.

So Scottish supporters will travel to Twickenham today with high hopes of their countrymen whipping there for the first time in 21 years. I believe they will be disappointed.

Effective Defence

It is now more than a year since England last scored a try. But, if their attack is uninspired, their defensive work is highly effective.

By Order,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hongkong, 19th Mar., 1959.

The muscular Frank Stranahan in his many forays in search of golf championships always brought his weights with him.

Tug-Of-War Champions



One of the most exciting events at the First REME (Hongkong) athletic meeting held at the Army sports ground, Boundary Street, last Wednesday was the Tug-of-War final, which was won by the LAD Royal Artillery.

Photo shows the champions pulling through to their win. — China Mail Photo.

Henry Longhurst On Golf CORPORE SANO

The muscular Frank Stranahan in his many forays in search of golf championships always brought his weights with him. I often used to wonder how much they cost him in excess baggage at £1 a pound, but upon my soul I never thought I should live to see the day when my old friend and travelling companion Joe Carr, appeared as a weightlifter!

No sooner do we get over this shock than we have Michael Lunt pictured in all sorts of gynaecological postures, training with Aston Villa. All this, I am sure, is eminently worthy and certainly in a good cause, including a good deal of waiting while spectators get themselves sorted out, involves no mean physical effort.

He has always maintained that a golfer is "only as good as his hands," but that the first thing to "go" is his legs. Six rounds on a 7,000yd championship course, including a good deal of waiting while spectators get themselves sorted out, involves no mean physical effort.

I lift my hat, therefore, to the runners, marathon walkers, and weightlifters among our would-be Walker Cuppers and wish them success.

I might also inform the captain that Cotton thinks we should all be the better for practising in bare feet—but to insist on that, I fear, would be to risk his missing the match, a golfing edition of Captain Bligh adrift in an open boat in the Firth of Forth.

This was also the view taken by the then amateur champion, Reid Jack, before the last Walker Cup match, when he spent the winter, accompanied by two worthy pace-makers, by two worthy pace-makers, playing 27 holes at a time instead of 18.

I've also been interested to see Cotton writing recently of the importance of the toes in golf—a disturbing thought which had not hitherto entered my mind and which now gives it a further 10 things to think about in addition to the 101 which clutter it up already. I like to envisage that distinguished ex-officer, Gerald Micklethwaite, parading his Walker Cup men on the sands at North Berwick each morning, "On the backs, down" for their toe-wiggling exercises.

Be that as it may, the coming Walker Cup match will make unusual demands on the British team. The four-year build-up, the thought that through a variety of circumstances into which we need not enter now, this may conceivably be the last of the series and that for the first time since the war we shall have a team capable of winning on its merits.

From time to time we get individuals in this country, who indulge in the most exhausting measures to benefit them for what is an outward appearance a pained and pedestrian game. A hardy winter annual is the picture of Dal Rees, training with the Arsenal—closely followed by that of the Arsenal training with Dal Rees.

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RUSSIANS AT WIMBLEDON

By DEREK JOHN

Two years ago I forecast that the Russians would enter the Wimbledon Championships for the first time in 1959. Now this is almost a certainty. The Russians joined the International Lawn Tennis Federation in 1956 and this year devoted to a three-year "development" programme—building a new tennis stadium in Moscow and inviting top-class coaches to the Soviet Union.

Now they believe, they are ready to make their first appearance in a major international championship. They plan to send four players to Wimbledon this year—two seniors for the Championships, two youngsters for the junior tournament.

THEIR CHANCES

After Wimbledon, they intend to invite players from the West to take part in an International Tournament in Moscow in August.

What are the Russians' chances at Wimbledon? I reckon their candidate for the men's singles would be fortunate to get through the first round.

But, given a favourable draw, they could have a player in the last 16 of the ladies' singles—Anna Dimitrieva, daughter of a Moscow ballet dancer.

Anna is an extremely useful player, as she proved last year when she reached the final of Junior Wimbledon. But it may be several years before she develops into a star performer in senior tennis.

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: KCC (H) v. Rockhampton; Police (S) v. Army (South); Scorpions (H) v. Revere (East); and Division 1: Police v. Centaur, Army (North) v. DSB; Revere v. RAF.

Senior Shilds semi-final: Tung Wah v. KMB (H) Stadium) 3.45 p.m.; Juniors' Shield semi-final: Happy Valley v. Koont Wun (H) Stadium) 4.45 p.m.

Badminton Colony Open Badminton Championships: Men's Singles Doubles (H) v. Scorpions (H) 2.30 p.m.; Ladies' Doubles (H) v. Victoria's (H) 3.45 p.m.

Hockey Ladies' Grand Prix: Victoria's (H) v. Giverny (H) 2.30 p.m.; "A" v. KCC (H) 4 p.m.

Whitfield Wanderers Play Bacchanalians In Closing Game Of Rugby Season

By PAK LO

With only the Army Seven-a-Side tournament remaining on the fixture card the Hongkong rugby season is practically finished, although the Whitfield Wanderers will be seen in action for the last time this afternoon.

Fittingly it is the Wanderers who finish the season for all the teams who have taken part they have the best record, with only one defeat to date.

This afternoon at 3.00 p.m. on the Club ground they will play the Bacchanalians, who show many changes from the seven that took the field against the Whitfield Wanderers.

The Bacchanalians should see most of the ball in the loose with Ross and Steven to form the spearhead of the forward attack, though their other wing forward, Mullan, is not yet fit enough to be of much assistance in the loose.

The Whitfield have the better halves and with a reasonable supply of the ball should be able to get their three going sufficiently enough to give them a narrow victory.

This game is a Charly match with the proceeds going to the famous Battersea Dogs Home in London, and spectators are expected to "dig deep" and even bring their tails at the same time.

The Teams

Bacchanalians: Lochrie, Hutt, Watson, A. N. Other, Laville, Valentine, Scruby, Spencer, Dilworth, Whately, Howe, Newbigging, Steven, Ross, Mullan. Whitfield Wanderers: Crawford, Puckett, Elliott, Kirkland, Prior, Church, Pollock, Winstan, Richards, Cole, Cleary, Cambridge, Hellings, Linton, Myers.

Whatever your sport
you can't beat

Carlberg

Beer
at
its best

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Are We As Sports-Minded As We Like To Pretend?

Is Hongkong really as sports-minded as many folks would lead us to believe, or are the fans who pack the stadia for a few selected sports events blinding us to the true facts? A big football fixture . . . a big table tennis match . . . and even a big basketball game will bring out the fans in their thousands but, these three apart, it seems that little else can be termed a really consistent crowd puller.

Week in and week out excellent games of cricket, rugby and hockey are played before a mere handful of spectators. Even the Colony tennis championships pass without a murmur from all but an inner circle of enthusiasts and it is well known that organisations like the Badminton Association, the Fencing Association and the Athletic Association have failed to win the support of the public although all of them have staged big and important events which had worthy entitlement to the 'big-time' label.

A Great Masquerade

There is a comparatively small but vociferous following for softball but enterprising bodies like the Boxing and Swimming Associations have had to fight every inch of the way for even a humdrum ration of public support.

When one uses the term 'sports-minded' as glibly as it is so frequently used in Hongkong one would expect to find that the sports-mindedness reached

Seeing The Light

A new device has been invented in Rumania to solve that old problem of detecting road walkers who 'run.'

It consists of a small pocket battery and a little electric light bulb which are connected to the soles of both shoes.

The bulb, fastened to front of the walker's vest, lights up as soon as he breaks contact with the ground.

It's a pity that it is such a cumbersome piece of equipment. Otherwise, it would have limitless possibilities.

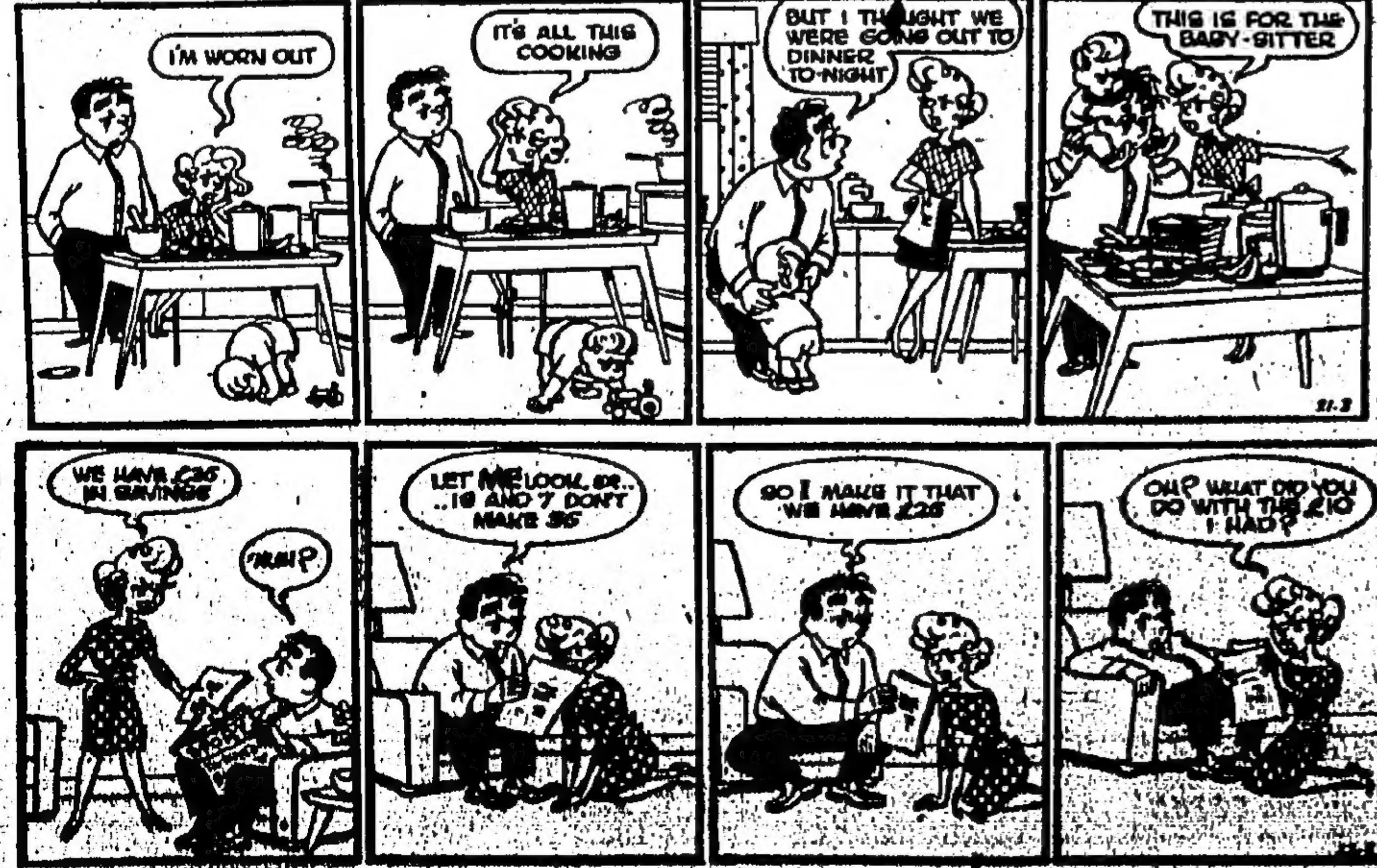
Bowlers could otherwise carry a bulb which lit up every time they bent their arm.

Then cricket umpires might start going 'out'—and "no-ball" those so-called bowlers who throw the ball. — (London Express Service).

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Japan.
2. Uruguay.
3. Yes. But only from a resulting overthrow.
4. Joe Buchholz (United States).
5. Donald Budge (United States).
6. New Zealand. Rugby football.
7. Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano.
8. Nursery.
9. 1901. Tottenham Hotspur.
10. True. In 1952, Agustin Argote retained his Spanish lightweight title by knocking out Javier Lirio in 15 seconds.

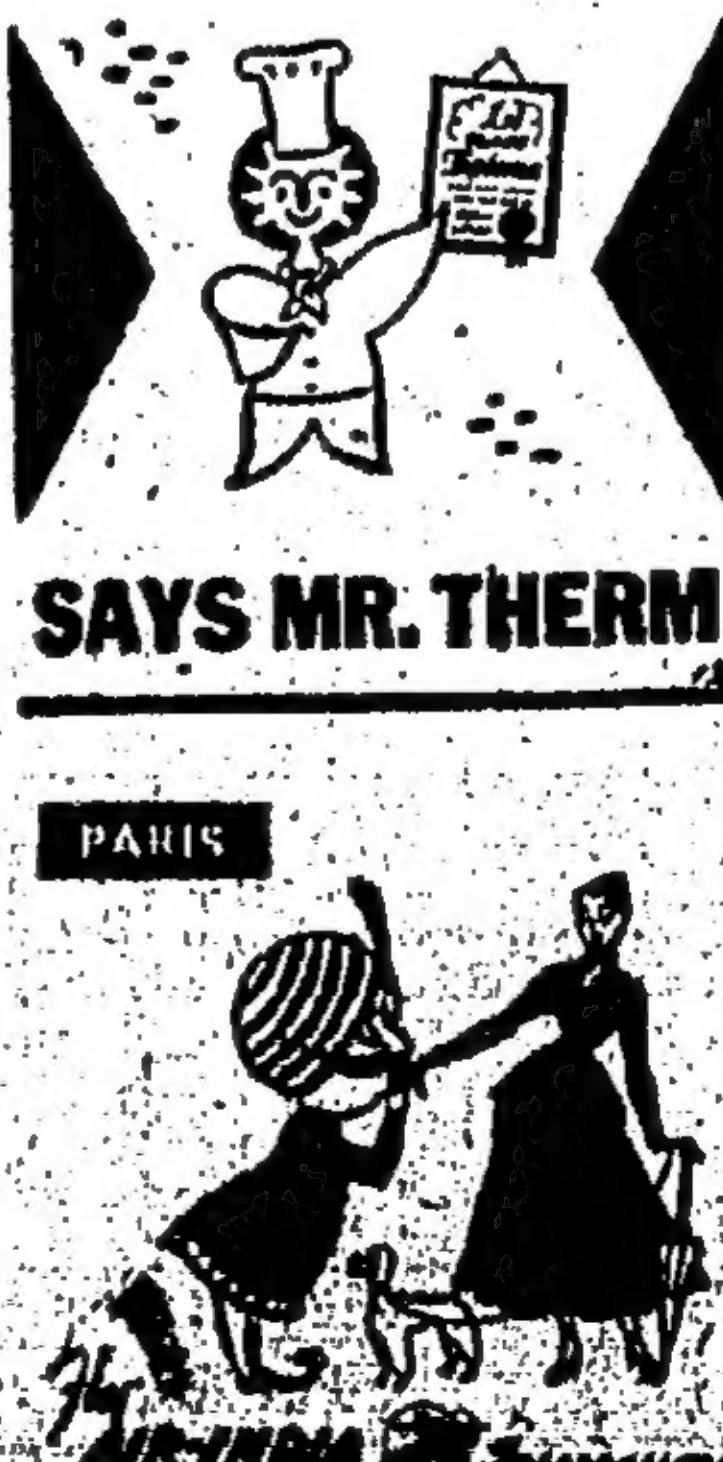
THE GAMBOLES . . .



By Barry Appleby

GAS IS TOPS

SAYS MR. THERM.



15-GUINEA HORSE IS GRAND NATIONAL HOPE OF VILLAGE



A 10-year-old bay gelding which cost only 15 guineas carries the Grand National hopes of the tiny village of Memsigate in Cumberland.

He is Sundawn 111, owned by Mr Len Skelton, 21-year-old son of a farmer, who is seen here taking the horse over a jump erected on the neighbouring farm of Mr Tom Hudson.

The horse is trained by Mr Hudson, who combines the jobs of running a mixed dairy farm and training a small string of racehorses.

He is to be ridden in the Grand National today at Aintree by Mr Hudson's 25-year-old son John. Sundawn 111 won five point to point races and two amateur 'chases' before winning his first big event, the Christmas Dinner Chase on the Mildmay course at Aintree, Liverpool, in December. He will be carrying 10 stones.—Reuterphoto.

many brilliant games for the Army and for the Colony and when he returned to Scotland he was immediately signed by Hibernian. For a time he hit the headlines but he ran into a spell of rough going and was transferred first to Third Lanark and later to Dunfermline.

Last Saturday, playing for the latter club in the Scottish Cup against St Johnstone, he was badly injured five minutes after the start and now looks like being out of the game for a long time.

Shirts Missing

The letter tells me that when Blackpool's kit eventually arrived in the United Kingdom from Hongkong there was a subtle deficiency in the consignment. All the No. 7 shirts which had been worn by Stanley Matthews were missing!

Ah . . . well . . . some folks struggle hard for fame, some have it thrust upon them . . . while others rather obviously just pick it up as they pass.

Incidentally there are no hard feelings at Blackpool over the loss. "It's all part of the Matthews legend and a tribute to his way to the greatest footballer of his time" . . . is how it was inked away in the letter which I received.

It's a great thing, the mug of Matthews . . . it even justifies the actions of those who take things that do not belong to them.

Major Remedial?

It is easy to be wise after the event . . . but don't forget this was the second Festival . . . and like the inaugural effort it suffered badly from lack of environment due entirely to the empty terraces.

The Festival of Sport must be a regular date on our sporting calendar but to do so, and justify the work that's put into it, it must attract the public. I believe that many suggestions have now been made to the management as to how this might be done and I know them well enough to realise that they will not discount or discard any helpful

boys can snatch a quick goal they might give South China plenty to think about.

The betting boys seem assured it will be a K.M.B. South China final; how I would love to see them proved wrong . . . it would do the game in Hongkong the world of good.

By tomorrow evening we should know which teams will contest the 1959 Senior Shield Final. This afternoon Tung Wah and K.M.B. will have another go at settling their issue. The teams recently 'struggled' to a 4-all draw after extra time in a match which made anything but a good impression on those who follow the game. In fact it left a nasty taste in some mouths and one can only hope that this latest meeting is a much more clear-cut affair.

As Good as Through

If form is a guide K.M.B. should win and if only on the basis that sweets and accidents don't happen in Hongkong football they are surely as good as through to the final.

Tomorrow's game between South China and Police is however a 'Horse of a very different colour'. If the favourites want to get through to the final they will have to play as nicely as possible. The Police will not willingly give away an inch.

Incidentally, note that South China should win, but there is so much good in the sometimes erratic and often unpredictable Police side that Ho Cheung-ki and his mates will not be able to take anything for granted.

This should be an excellent encounter and if Roy Moss's

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10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily

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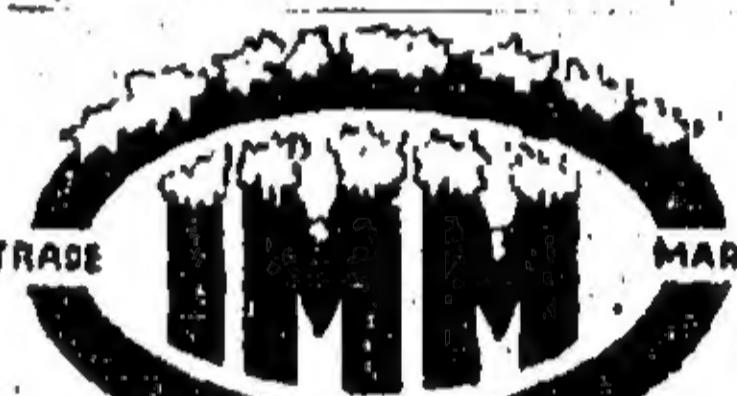
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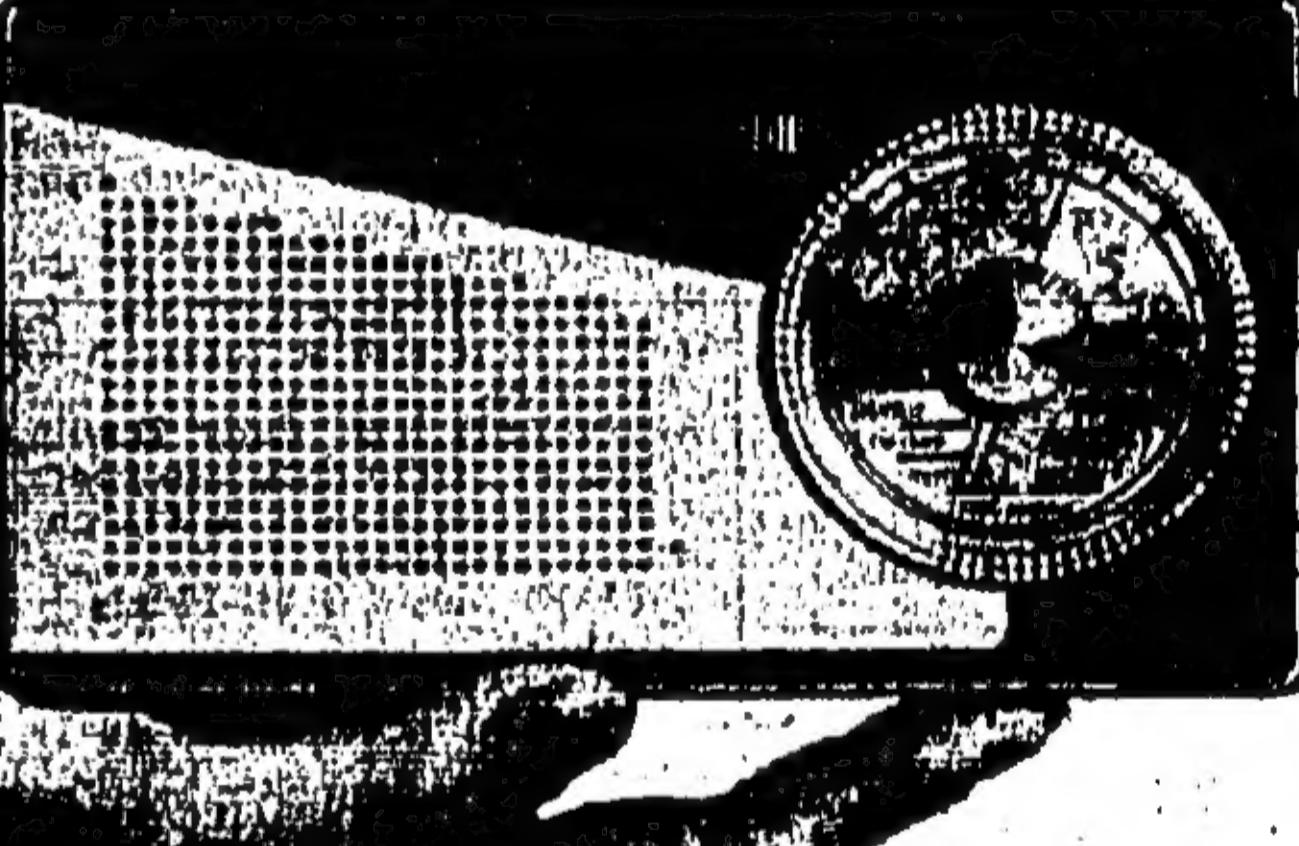
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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1959.

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Suslov Ducks Stalin Assessment

Shorter Tests?

Worcester, March 20. Major M.F.S. Jewell, a member of the M.G.C. committee and a past president of Worcestershire County Cricket Club, advocated Test series of seven three-day matches last night.—China Mail Special.



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Printed and published by TERENCE GORDON NEWLANDS LTD
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Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hong Kong

London, March 20. Mikhail A. Suslov, a top leader of the Soviet hierarchy today publicly ducked an invitation to give a genuine assessment of Josef Stalin. Suslov, a member of the powerful Soviet Presidium, secretary of the party's Central Committee and by reputation a hard-core Stalinist, diplomatically dodged the opportunity at a question-and-answer meeting with members of the Foreign Press Association.

Professor B. Ponomarov, a member of the Central Committee and of the board of Kommunist, the party's ideological organ, stepped into the breach and gave Stalin a clean bill.

He termed the Generalissimo whom Nikita Khrushchev indicted of vile crimes three years ago, "one of the outstanding leaders in Soviet history."

Suslov and Ponomarov are leading a delegation of Soviet parliamentarians on a visit to Britain.

Today they met members of the International Press at a lunch at the plush Dorchester Hotel.

Challenge After a lengthy speech in which Suslov listed Russia's achievements and revived the call for co-existence, a reporter challenged him to state publicly which assessment of Stalin's role was valid at present.

Though himself considered Russia's chief authority on Communist ideology, Suslov evaded a commitment that could spell trouble for him at home.

Ponomarov's reply was a near-vindication of Stalin and probably the strongest pro-Stalin statement since the Soviet Idol was hauled down by Khrushchev at the famed 1956 Party Congress in Moscow.

Soviet Ambassador Jacob Malik listened attentively.

"Great Role"

Stalin, Ponomarov said, played an outstanding role against Tsarism and in the subsequent construction of the Soviet state.

He played a great role in the solution of postwar problems as well as in the industrial and agricultural collectivisation of the nation, he added.

In the process Stalin committed some errors but they cannot influence the nature of the late leader," he said.

"That's why the Soviet people recognise the outstanding role of Stalin and he stands as one of the outstanding leaders in the history of the Soviet Union," he concluded.—U.P.I.

DEATH ON RACE TRACK

Sebring, Florida, March 20. Ed Lawrence of Detroit, driving a Maserati, was killed tonight when his speeding sports car skidded out of control on a turn and burned.

Lawrence was the second person in two days to die in car accidents connected with the Ninth Annual Sports Car Challenge.

The Detroit driver was rounding a tricky hairpin curve when spectators said the big Maserati skidded onto the shoulder of the roadway and bounced end over end into a buried wire fence.

The accident happened just at dusk as race entries were making their final practice runs.—U.P.I.

Prince Philip Receives Bride Money

Honolulu, March 20. The Duke of Edinburgh was given a six-foot string of shell money—local currency for the purchase of brides—when he visited Manila Island in the Solomons protectorate today.

The royal yacht Britannia, which had brought him from Guadalcanal, anchored in Buna Harbour, and he went ashore to the village of Busu, where he was given the money and watched a mock battle staged by the villagers.

Then he went to Laulau village, where the money is made, and watched the women of the village cutting, polishing and threading the bright red and white shells.

The Duke's short trip to Laulau was made in a Malaita boat cutter, and on arrival he watched men of the village building these boats.

In both villages, he inspected pagan burial houses used before the Islanders were converted, and talked with the inhabitants.—Reuter.

REDIFFUSION

11.30. Morning Medley: 11.30. The Automobile; 12. Nocturne; 12. The Moon; 12. Keyboard Concerto; 12. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 1.30. George Melachrino and His Orchestra; 1.30. "Year by Year"; 1.30. John Diamond—Adventure; 4. Songs of the Prairies; 4.30. British Folk Songs; 5. British Folk; 5. Nancy; 6. Melody Magic; 6.30. Mete The Star; 6.30. Singing with the Cherry; 7.15. Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interlude; 7.15. Special Spotlights; 7.15. The Weatherman; 7.15. Riddle, Judge of this year; 7.30. Interlude; For Music; 7.30. A. May Show; 8.00. Max is Where You Find Him; 8.00. Death; 8.30. Voice Of Sport; 9. Top Tunes Of The Week; 9.30. Franco Trompe; 10. The Star; 10. New York; 10. Weather Forecast; 10. Fancy's Knob; 10. 10. Dance Party; 11. The Grand National; Commentaries by Raymond Phipps; 11.30. The Steeplechase; 11.30. Michael O'Leary and Robert Stevenson; 11.30. Stop Press; 11.30. Rugby Union Football, Calcutta, India; 11.30. Scotland, Commentaries on 2nd half; 12.30. Close Down.

TELEVISION

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UK REDS URGED TO FIGHT LABOUR PARTY

London, March 20. A resolution urging Britain's Communist Party to fight parliamentary and local elections in areas where the Labour Party has overwhelming majorities is to come before the party's National Congress it was announced today.

The Communist Party Congress will meet during Easter against a background of reduced membership and lack of funds.

The party branch which tabled the resolution said that in these working-class districts the Communists should expose "the class collaboration nature of present Labour policy."

"Elsewhere in the country we should exert every effort to ensure the defeat of Tory candidates and the return of Labour candidates," the resolution said.

The branch added that Communists should not contest marginal constituencies or wards in elections where intervention might let in a Conservative, or where Conservatives now have majorities, unless Labour stands down.

Mr. Eisenhower promptly denounced its action as "irresponsible."

The committee refused to put up the money in approving a \$2,470,340,494 supplemental money bill to run the 10 cabinet-level departments and other federal agencies for the remainder of the current fiscal year.

The action amounted to an advance warning that the President's \$3,030,000,000 foreign aid programme for the new fiscal year starting July 1 will face serious trouble when the Democratic-controlled committee considers it later.

The President fled back at the committee's action in a special statement issued at the Gettyburg, Pennsylvania, Press headquarters which is handling information on his Berlin meetings with the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan.

He said the committee's action "will do the gravest injury to the whole position of the United States in the world today unless it was changed."—U.P.I.

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